THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV. WALKER, REED & CO., No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1875. Three Dollars a Year, in Advance. No. 5.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS

BY OLIVE BELL.

I wonder if the balmy summer eves,
The long dream laden dewy hour;
The moonlight shimmering o'er the leaves,
The bloom and fragrance of the flowers—
Bear unto thee, a message from the past,
A message, tender, sad, and sweet;
From days too brief and bright to last—
From hours with happiness replete.

Do crickets chirping in the hawthorne hedge,
Or robins, caroling low broken lays;
And thrushes singing in the fragrant sedge,
Remind thee of those dear old days—
Days when we two, so young and full of hope,
Looked into days, as yet unborn,
And dreamed the clouds behind the eastern slope,
But hid the dawning of a happier morn.

And will no echo in the south winds sighing,
Remind thee of some old time melody
We sang together, when the sunset glow was dyeing
The emerald billows of the sea?
Ah! clouds to some reveal a silver lining,
To others shade the brightness of the years;
But golden sunbeams thro' our darkness shining,
But fell across a mist of falling tears.

Now wearily I watch the path with daisies set,
And idly dream the twilight hours away,
Sometimes gathering sprays of spicy mignonette,
To deck my lichens, cool and gray;
And as my fingers trace the leaden shadows,
That creep thro' crimson-tinted leaves,
I gaze afar across the cool lush meadows,
And watch my farmer bind his golden sheaves.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

Edith turned away, for her eyes were filling with tears. But just then some commotion was heard in the kitchen. Sarah's voice was distinguishable, and raised in an angry tone, apparently to some one who entered.

"Then I say he's not in, and he won't be in to-day, that's more. So be off out, please."

"I say he is in," responded a man's voice. "Not a moment ago, I see him at that there kitchen-winder. You may as well fetch him here, for I shall stop till I see him. I'm a emissary of the law, and the law can't be played with; and if folks gets into trouble against the law, they must pay for it."

Edith, her eyes full of terror, and her face ghastly, seized hold of her husband, as if her feeble arms could shield him from harm. She was connecting this unseen visitor with the wild rumors afloat of the night work; and terrific visions were dazzling her eyes of handcuffs, a prison, a public trial; perhaps death. Sarah's voice was heard again in loud remonstrance and abuse.

"Don't keep me, Edith; don't alarm yourself; I must go and see what it is," he whispered, himself agitated. "I must, my dear! we shall have the fellow penetrating to this room."

Unwinding her hands, he put her hastily in a chair, and entered the kitchen. Sarah had armed herself with the tongs, which she was presenting in a warlike manner towards the stranger, hoping to menace him away. The man laughed derisively when he saw Wilfred, put a paper in his hand, and disappeared. Sarah dashed down the tongs in a passion.

"Now, why couldn't you keep away, in there?" she wrathfully demanded, more as a person in authority speaks to a subordinate, than a servant to a master. "I know what it is; as long as he didn't serve it, you were safe."

"He would have dropped upon me, going out. Don't make a fuss."

"No, he needn't," snapped Sarah. "You might have slied out at the back door, and over the palings when you wanted to go out, or strided out at the side-window. There's plenty of ways of dodging them gentry, if folks have a mind to it. My goodness, missis! what's the matter?"

Edith had come into the kitchen, the image of ghastly terror, and shaking like a leaf. "What is it all?" she gasped. "What's that? Show it me! oh, Wilfred, show it me!"

Her voice rose quite harsh in its agitation, and she pointed to the paper left by the man. Wilfred Lester crumpled it up in his hands to keep it from her.

"It's nothing, Edith; don't disturb yourself. Nothing but a stupid bill."

Sarah gave a snatch at the paper; Wilfred would not let go it; and the two had actually a sort of tussle for its possession, in which the paper got torn, and Sarah mastered. She opened it and laid it before her mistress.

"There, ma'am, now you can see for yourself; it is nothing but a claim on master for some money. Did you not see, sir, that her fears were o' something worse; that the agony were crushing her?" added the woman, in her strong sense, as she turned again to her master.

Standing at the kitchen door—for she had entered the house unperceived, like the unwelcome visitor had done—was Miss Bordillion, an amazed spectator of the scene.

"Have you all taken leave of your senses?" she demanded. "What does this mean?"

"It means that we have come to the end of everything," bitterly retorted Wilfred, as he returned to the sitting-room, leaving those to follow him who would: "of food, of credit, of hope. And the next thing for me will be a prison. Lady Adelaide will hold a jubilee the night I enter it. She is at the bottom of our misfortune. Aunt," for so he had learned to call her, "when I go in, you must take care of Edith."

Edith stole up to her husband, her face white still; the livid white of fear, not of illness. She was unable to comprehend the paper; and certain ominous words in it.

"In the name of our Sovereign Lady, the Queen," did not tend to reassure her. "Do explain it to me," she gasped.

"It is a simple thing, easy enough of comprehension," was Wilfred's answer, his mind smarting terribly under its annoyances; "I owe—let me look at the amount—nine pounds, three shillings; that's five pounds for the debt and four for the costs; and unless I pay it by a certain day, they will take further proceedings against me. It is a writ, Edith."

"What proceedings?" she inquired.

"Oh, I hardly know. The result would be a prison; couldn't be anything else in my case."

She held the writ in her hand, and glanced at it dubiously.

"You are sure—sure it is only a debt, Wilfred?"

"Why, what else should it be?" he returned. "Of course it is a debt. What can your thoughts be running on, Edith?"

He took it from her, and she sighed heavily as she relinquished it. Miss Bordillion, after exchanging a few sentences with Sarah, had come in and seated herself; she was looking exceedingly perplexed and grieved.

"It does appear to me," she began, "that things cannot go on longer in this way; that they ought not so to go on, even if your creditors, Wilfred, would allow them."

"How is it to be helped?" was Wilfred's answer. "My father, who ought to help it, will not; and I cannot force him. Neither have I a claim on any one else."

"In the last few days—I may say weeks—I have reflected upon it much. I have prayed to be directed for the right," pursued Miss Bordillion, in her quiet way, "and I have at length come to the conclusion that if Squire Lester will not help you, out of favor, he must out of right."

"Who's to make him?" put in Wilfred.

"You know how very, very greatly I esteem Mr. Lester, how warm a regard I have for him," pursued Miss Bordillion, the delicate pink on her cheek increasing to brightness. "Hitherto, I have taken his part in this business; I have been unwilling to cross him, or say a word that could reflect upon him; and you know, my dears, that you did do wrong in disobediently marrying——"

"Halt there!" interrupted Wilfred. "I do not see the disobedience. My father approved of the union in the first place; and could I be so base as to desert Edith, because Colonel Bordillion lost his fortune? No; there was the more reason for my fulfilling the engagement; and my father would never have been implacable but for Lady Adelaide."

"Well, we will not rake up the question of the marriage; it can do no good now," sighed Miss Bordillion.

"The very moment I read the news of Colonel Bordillion's loss, I knew that Lady Adelaide would set her face against Edith, and induce my father to do so; and, therefore, I chose to act for myself. And why should she? Out of regard for me? No; but because she fears a sixpence going out of my father's pocket; if it came to me it would be that much loss to her own children. It was a black day for me and Maria when he made Lady Adelaide his wife."

Miss Bordillion thought within her that it had not been a bright day for somebody else. She resumed:

"There was a sum of money that ought to have been paid to you, Wilfred, when you came of age. You did not have it."

His cheek flushed as he listened.

"A sum of money! I had none paid to me. What sum of money?"

"Twelve hundred pounds. It was left to you like Maria's fortune was left to her; save that hers was a large sum, yours a small. Squire Lester enjoyed the interest; the principal was to be paid to you when you were of age: Maria's when she married."

"And why have I been kept out of it? why has even the knowledge of it been denied me?" fiercely responded Wilfred.

"I have spoken latterly to Squire Lester about it," sighed Miss Bordillion. "I have intimated that it ought to be given up to you; that both law and justice demand that it should be. He said, 'No, neither law nor justice;' but he would not discuss it. So then I took counsel with myself, I took counsel in my prayers, and it appeared to me that my duty lay in telling you."

Wilfred sat gazing at her, astounded at the tidings. They were too good to be received without doubt.

"Is there, indeed, no mistake?" he uttered. "Am I truly entitled, now, to twelve hundred pounds of my own?"

"It was so left," replied Miss Bordillion.

A flash of joy, not seen in his face for a long while, illuminated it to brightness. He stooped down and kissed Edith.

"You shall have something better than partridges yet, darling."

"Where are you going?" she asked, as he was leaving the room.

"To the hall. My father and I must have a settlement now."

"Edith, what did he mean about partridges?" inquired Miss Bordillion, who had caught but the one word.

"Nothing worth telling, aunt. It is only the housekeeping grievances over again."

"I know it is a hard time with you, Edith, and has been. But, Edith, has it been wholly undeserved? I know Wilfred is careless and impetuous; man-like he does not see as we do. You did act wrongly, Edith, both you and he, and I pray that your wrong-doing may be thus working itself out."

"I have thought so, long, Aunt Margaret," was the whispered answer. "I look upon it as our penance, and patiently try to bear."

"Then you do rightly, child," warmly replied Miss Bordillion. "Take up your cross bravely and humbly, and it will grow lighter with each step; let it drag behind you in discontent and rebellion, and it will weigh you down. Be comforted, Edith; God will remove it in his own good time.

Wilfred Lester was speeding to the hall. And who should answer his summons at the door but Tiffie! Of course it was not Tiffie's place to answer doors; she was quite above it; but happening to cross the hall at the moment of the knock, she, in her curiosity, pulled it open. Her first impulse was a stare of unqualified surprise; her next, to place herself in his way and prevent his entrance.

"Who might you want, sir?"

"Mr. Lester, if it concerns you to know," was the reply of Wilfred, as he attempted to pass in. "I see he is in his study."

"Master's pertikelarly engaged, and can't see visitors," objected Tiffie.

Wilfred Lester's eyes flashed fire, and he raised his hand authoritatively.

"Stand aside, woman," was the imperative command. "You forget to whom you speak. This is my father's house."

Tiffie slunk out of his way, and he approached the study. It was a room on the ground floor, whose window looked to the side of the house. Wilfred had caught a glimpse of him standing at it. He turned round when Wilfred entered, and his features assumed an angry expression.

"To what am I indebted for this visit?" he began. "You were forbidden the house, sir."

"I do not suppose my breaking the interdict will produce permanent injury to the house's inmates," somewhat insolently retorted Wilfred, who, what with Tiffie's reception and now his father's, felt chafed almost beyond bearing. "I shall not infect it with ague and fever, nor yet with small-pox."

"What does bring you here?" imperiously rejoined Mr. Lester.

Wilfred coolly seated himself in the chair opposite that usually occupied by its master.

"Father," he said, changing his tone, "I have come to ask assistance from you. Our position cannot be a secret; my wife is wasting away from want before my eyes; every available article is either pledged or sold, save Edith's wedding ring, and that I cannot attempt to take; I have no clothes save these I stand up in; in short, we have eked out our resources until none are left to us. To-day I had a writ served upon me for ten pounds, or nearly that, and my next move must be to a prison. Will you help me in my strait?"

"You must be aware that you have brought all this upon yourselves," was the reply of Mr. Lester. "What, save destitution and embarrassment, could come of a marriage like yours?"

Wilfred drew his chair a little forward, and leaned towards his father.

"You make a show of punishing me for marrying her: but, do you blame me in your heart of hearts? Would not you have done the same, in my place? Father, from my soul I believe that you would never had visited it upon me, but that you were incited to do so by Lady Adelaide."

"To the point," briefly spoke Mr. Lester. "State the purport of your visit, if you have any to state."

"I believe I was not far from the point. However, I am here, I repeat, to ask you for assistance."

"I cannot give it."

"I crave it as a favor."

"I will not give it, I say," tartly responded Mr. Lester.

"Then I must request it as a right. Yes, sir, I must have it. You hold money belonging to me I believe, money that by right of law ought to be at this moment in my hands instead of yours."

"No, I do not."

Wilfred felt a little staggered; but he rallied, convinced that Miss Bordillion had not misled him.

"Maria has her fourteen thousand pounds, to be paid to her on her marriage, you enjoying the interest until that epoch. I have in like manner twelve hundred, which passed legally into my possession when I became of age. Sir, it ought to have passed absolutely; it must do so now."

"Who has been giving you this information?" inquired Mr. Lester.

"That, I imagine, is of no consequence."

"Not much, certainly. I conclude it was Margaret Bordillion. The money—for to set the question at rest and save trouble, I will descend to explain to my rebellious son—was left to you, twelve hundred pounds, and the intention of the donor would appear to be, to a cursory reader, that you should come into the money at twenty-one. But the deed is so obscurely worded, that upon that point a question has arisen. I have taken counsel's opinion upon it, and their advice is that you do not come into it until my death."

Wilfred paused a few moments before replying.

"And what of Maria's? That she does not come into hers until your death?"

"About Maria's there is no question. The clauses are differently worded."

"Where's the will? In Doctor's Commons?" next spoke Wilfred.

"The money was not left by will. It was a deed of gift."

"Where's the deed, then?" pursued Wilfred.

Mr. Lester pointed with his finger to a small iron safe which stood in his study as long as Wilfred could remember.

"It is there," he said.

"You will allow me to peruse it."

"Indeed, no," said Mr. Lester. "I think I have satisfied you pretty well, as it is. Your perusing it could answer no end; it is obscurely worded, as I now assure you, and the opinion of counsel was that you could not touch it till my death."

"Other counsel may be of an opposite opinion," persisted Wilfred. "It would be but fair to allow me to submit it, in my turn."

"And to what good?" asked Mr. Lester. "Were your counsel's opinion adverse to the one already consulted, what of that? You could only prove which was right by an action at law, and I believe you have no funds to sustain one. I tell you openly, that I shall not part with the money until death compels me."

"Is this justice?"

"It is law."

"Once convince me that it is law, and I will urge the point no more," said Wilfred. "Suffer me to read over the deed."

"I have told you no," said Mr. Lester. "The deed is there, safe and secure," motioning once more to the iron safe, "and I will not disturb it. Our interview is over. I cannot give you any assistance; and I desire that you will not intrude here again."

Wilfred rose from his seat in agitation. "Will you drive me to a prison? Will you allow Edith to die?" Look here," and he snatched the writ from his pocket, "for this paltry ten pounds, I must go into one; will you not, at least, pay that?"

Whether Mr. Lester would have relented, with the unpleasant scrap of paper placed palpably before him, it is impossible to say. Before he could speak the door was flung open, and Lady Adelaide sailed in.

She did not look at Wilfred. She passed him with scorn, picking up her dress as she swept by, but she spoke to Mr. Lester.

"They told me your son was here, but I did not believe it. Mr. Lester, can you allow his presence?—and by so doing make light of parental disobedience in the sight of your young children?"

"He is not here by my will; he entered the house against it. I have already told you to depart," he added, looking at Wilfred.

"I wait for my answer," said the latter, still showing the writ. "Will you help me out of this?"

"Neither out of that, nor anything else," irascibly responded Mr. Lester, whose temper did not seem improved at the implied contest between wife and son. "I tell you the interview is over."

Wilfred put the writ in his pocket; and turning on his heel, departed, bowing to Lady Adelaide—a bow so low, so elaborate, that she might well have deemed it offered in irony.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NIGHT INTERVIEW.

As Wilfred Lester was striding home from the unsatisfactory interview, he met Miss Bordillion and Maria. Walking by their side, having just overtaken them, was Mr. Lydney. To say that Wilfred was in anger, would not be conveying half an idea of the rage that possessed him. He was literary foaming with passion; it was boiling over and bubbling out from every pore; the presence of Lydney—a stranger—he ignored as completely as though he had not been there; and burst forth with all his grievances, chiefly addressing Miss Bordillion.

"I am kept out of it—I am to be kept out of it! The money is mine, safe enough; twelve hundred pounds, as you said; and he coolly assures me he has had counsel's opinion, and I cannot claim it till his death! The deed is obscurely worded, he says; and when I ask to read it over; no; he denies it, though it was in the very room. If there's justice in heaven——"

"What are you speaking of, Wilfred?" interrupted Maria, who had turned crimson, but was now growing white.

"I told him Edith was dying of want; I told him I was going to the dogs, and should soon be in prison," raved Wilfred, never so much as hearing his sister. "Look here"—dashing the writ out of his pocket—"I positively lowered myself to show him this, and beg of him, like any mendicant, that he would help me over this stile! But, no; my wife may die, and I may go to jail and rot there. It's nothing to you, Maria; nothing that you need worry yourself over," he broke off: for she was evincing painful curiosity to look at the paper: "it's only a cursed writ for ten pounds."

"Must you pay it?" she shivered.

"Must I pay it?" echoed he, turning ironically to Miss Bordillion. "Must I pay ten pounds, she asks, when I have not ten pence; no, nor ten farthings. Perhaps you'll tell me how I am to pay it?" he chafed, to Maria.

"Wilfred, when you do give way to these outbreaks of temper, you are so impetuous that there's no getting you to speak reason or to hear it," said Miss Bordillion, who had not been able until then to put in a word edgeways. "Do be calm, if you can, and tell me what it is that Mr. Lester says about the deed."

"He says the deed is obscurely worded, and that I cannot claim the money till his death. He taunted me—yes, it was nothing less—with my wings being clipped, so that I could not go to law with him. And he is right," stamped Wilfred; "they are clipped."

"I never heard the slightest doubt expressed but that you came into the money at twenty-one," spoke Miss Bordillion. "I am quite certain that such was the intention when the deed was made. Mr. Lester should have allowed you to read it for your own satisfaction."

"He had better not drive me to extremities," foamed Wilfred, "or I will break the safe open and take the deed. 'Twould be no theft."

"Wilfred! Wilfred!" pleaded Maria, "you don't know what you are saying."

"Not know! I should say a vast deal more, but that you are present. But it is not my father," he added, in an altered voice; "it is that false woman, who is ever at his side to set him against his first wife's children. It may come home to you yet, my Lady Adelaide."

Without further colloquy, vouchsafing no adieu, Wilfred Lester strode away. Miss Bordillion, possibly not liking him to escape in that mood, or wishing to soothe him, followed quickly in his steps, leaving Maria and Mr. Lydney alone.

"I will be back directly," Miss Bordillion hurriedly said.

They were in a retired path, near the entrance of the wood, and Maria began pacing it backwards and forwards slowly. Mr. Lydney turned with her and remained by her side. He saw that she was greatly agitated—that even her lips were white.

"It had been more to the purpose, possibly, that I had followed your brother, than Miss Bordillion," he observed.

"I am grieved, I am annoyed that these painful family affairs should be brought under the notice of a stranger," spoke Maria, half in vexation, half in apology.

"I should be very sorry if I thought you considered me now in that light," he warmly uttered. "I was in hopes, I believed, you did not."

"In truth you are right, Mr. Lydney," she said. "When I look back and remember how very short a period it is that we have known you, and then consider the (I may say it) almost confidential terms upon which we meet, I am lost in surprise. I think," she added, with a smile, "either you or ourselves must have displayed great forwardness."

"Not so, Miss Lester. There are some people who only act upon us as repulsive elements, whom we never can like, never can unbosom to—no, not though we were thrown into domestic contact with them for years. There are others who are mutually attracted at the first glance, who know that they have found kindred spirits, objects worthy of esteem and trust; it does not require long for intimacy to grow up between these. Let me prove myself deserving of your friendship, your confidence; hesitate not to speak unreservedly to me of your brother. From what I gather—for it is conversed of openly in Danesheld—he is at the present time in some straits."

He bent his handsome form towards Maria, and a flush rose to her face. It may have appeared to her that there was help, protection, in that manly figure of strength—it had long appeared to her that there was perfect truth to be found in that earnest face. An irresistible attraction had drawn Maria to him from the first—an attraction, not less irresistible

Sarah had armed herself with the tongs, which she was presenting in a warlike manner towards the stranger, hoping to menace him away.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1875, by Walker, Reed & Co., Publishers and Proprietors, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

ble, prompted her now to acquiesce in his last words.

"That Wilfred and his affairs are freely spoken of in Danesheld is, I believe, only too true, Mr. Lydney; and it is nothing but what must be expected. I should think no son of good family—heir, as he ought to be—was ever reduced to the plight that Wilfred is."

"He is the heir, is he not?"

Maria shook her head.

"Danesheld Hall is not entailed, and papa can, if he pleases, make one of his younger children his heir."

"Would that be just?"

"Shamefully unjust," answered Maria, her face in a glow. "Oh!" she added, with emotion, "I cannot tell you how miserable I am! I could sacrifice myself to bring comfort to poor Wilfred. When I think of his trials, his uncertain prospects, and know that they are not deserved, my heart seems as though it would break with grief and pity, for I am helpless to aid him. And when I remember his thoughtless impetuosity, coupled with his keen sense of injury, I dread, I dread—I hardly know what I dread."

"You dread that, smarting under privation and unmerited wrong, he may be drawn into some escapade, not precisely fitting for the heir of Squire Lester."

Maria glanced quickly up at him, and he bent his truthful, sympathizing eyes upon her. In that moment she became aware that he knew and was then thinking of the disgraceful rumors which were abroad to Wilfred's prejudice. An instant's struggle with her feelings, which ended in her struggling no longer, and she burst into tears.

William Lydney drew her hand within his.

"Have faith in me," he whispered. "Leave him to me; I will be his friend in every way that I possibly can; and will try, all that man can try, to keep him from harm."

"I see you know—I see you have heard," she stammered, in much distress. "My days and nights are passed in feverish dread. If any—any—disgrace fell upon Wilfred, I think I should die. I have so loved him! I have so looked up to him! Mamma died, papa was estranged from us; we had only each other to care for."

"Trust to me," he fondly reiterated, as he pressed her hand between both of his, and then released it, for Miss Bordillion was discerned returning in the distance.

Leaving Maria, giving a passing word of greeting to Miss Bordillion as he passed her, Mr. Lydney sped after Wilfred. The latter had not entered his house, but had halted near it, and was moodily leaning against a stile that led into the wood. Lydney laid his hand on his shoulder, and rallied him in a gay tone:

"Shake off dull care and send it packing. What is the matter?"

"The matter! that's good! When a fellow's out at elbows and out at heart, out of friends, and out of help, there's enough the matter. I'm hard up in every way; and, by Jove! I don't care who knows it, for the shame's to others, not to me."

"A man never yet deserved friends and help, but he found them," returned Lydney. "No need to be out of heart."

"Tush!" was the chafed response of Wilfred Lester.

"If I am cognizant of some part of your grievances, you must thank yourself for speaking of them before me a few minutes ago, and must pardon my thus reverting to them. I——"

"I don't care who knows of them, I say," impetuously interrupted Wilfred. "I'd mount a public rostrum and proclaim them with pleasure; for the shame, I tell you, lies with others. Still I don't see any good in your recurring to the subject."

"No good at all, unless I could help you out of them, which I dare say I can do, if you will only behave like a reasonable being. Lester," he continued earnestly, something very like emotion checking his free utterance, "I owe my life to you; but for your brave exertions, that awful night, I should have been gone and forgotten. You saved my life at the risk of your own. It is a debt that I can never repay, but you can lessen my sense of the obligation, if you will, by allowing me to be your friend, by treating me as a brother."

"What now?" asked Wilfred, staring at him. "As to risking my life—it's not so joyous to me that I need care to prolong it."

"Suffer me to be to you what a brother would be, if you had one. You are wrongfully kept out of money. I have more than I know what to do with. Let me be your banker."

The red color flushed into the cheek of Wilfred. He hesitated some moments before he spoke. Mr. Lydney resumed:

"Borrow off me, as one chum would borrow off another, as I dare say you and I have both borrowed before now, when out of cash. You can repay me, you know, when things come round again."

"They never may come round again," answered Wilfred; "you'd probably be done out of it forever, if you lent money to me."

"Rubbish! You'll come in for it sometime; and plenty of it. How much will you have?"

"Are you serious in this offer?" demanded Wilfred, after looking keenly at him.

"Serious!" returned Lydney. "What do you mean? Is it anything so very great, that you should doubt, or hesitate?"

"Then you are a good fellow, Lydney, and it's more than anybody else has done for me. I'll take ten pounds to get rid of this cursed writ."

"Nonsense about ten pounds! You must take some for yourself, as well as for the writ."

"No more, no more!" uttered Wilfred Lester, the crimson flush again dyeing his face. "Save me from prison, and I'll thank you; but I want none for myself."

Mr. Lydney looked at him full in the face, and spoke in a low tone.

"For your wife's comforts, then?"

"No," persisted Wilfred, "those who have brought us to this, upon their heads shall the consequence be. I will not accept from a stranger what it is the duty of others to perform."

That he was unmistakably in earnest, and meant to be, Lydney saw; so he urged that point no further then. And the day passed on to its close.

Brightly and clearly shone out the evening star; brightly and clearly, if less large, crept out its sister stars, shedding their refulgence over Danesheld, lighting the path of Lord Dane, as he, remembering the interview that was to take place between Lydney and the poacher, walked from the castle to take up his station in the wood and overhear it. His lordship, to give him his due, was above acting the eavesdropper in general, but he was most anxious to find out all he could regarding Lydney, and burning to punish those troublesome poachers. That Lydney was really an impostor, a loose character, and had now joined the fraternity, he entertained little doubt. To imprison the whole lot for two years would have delighted Lord Dane.

"Good-night to your lordship."

The saluter was the inspector of police, who was passing on horseback, and Lord Dane nodded in reply to the greeting, and continued his way. The next moment, however, he wheeled around.

"Hallos, inspector! Any news of the box?"

"Not yet, my lord," was the reply, as the officer turned his horse sideways. "We shall have the bills out to-morrow, and I hope they may do something."

"Bills?" echoed Lord Dane.

"Offering a reward, my lord. They would have been posted this afternoon, but Mr. Lydney called this morning and stopped it. He had his reasons, he said, for not allowing them to appear till to-morrow. It must be a valuable box, to offer a thousand pounds reward."

"Who does offer it?" burst forth Lord Dane in astonishment.

"Mr. Lydney has given us authority. If the box is in existence still, that will bring it forth."

Lord Dane paused ere he spoke, one thought was chasing another in his brain.

"Inspector, take care you are not *done*. I know more of this Lydney and his doings than I did when I spoke with you last; he has got a thousand pounds to pay just as much as that horse of yours has."

"My lord, he said freely that the box was none of his, and that the reward would come from the pocket of the owner; not from his own. I inquired who and what he was—this Lydney—but could obtain nothing satisfactory in reply. He protested that he was of English descent, and of good family, but would give no particulars."

Lord Dane drew nearer the inspector, and resumed in a low whisper. The man's head was bowed to his saddle-bow, as he bent to catch it.

"He is in league with the poachers. I am on my way to track their meetings in my own preserves. I was a witness to it last night, and heard the rendezvous made for this, made between Ben Beecher and Lydney. That's your gentleman of family! your thousand-pound man!"

"My lord, is it possible?" uttered the inspector.

"I told you I suspected the fellow from the first," resumed Lord Dane. "He is now showing out in his true colors. Don't you be gulled, inspector. He may have made off with the box himself, as I hinted—stolen it! and he goes to you with this munificent thousand-pound tale, to put you off the scent."

Lord Dane turned and pursued his way as he spoke, and the inspector, after a pause, given to thought, urged his horse on his way. His lordship posted himself in his hiding-place in the wood, snug and safe.

Lydney was at the place of meeting first—I mean before Beecher. The latter came along in a joyless, dispirited sort of a way, as though he had not good news to bring.

"It has been no go, sir," was his salutation to Lydney, and Lord Dane's ears were strained to their utmost capacity, so sure was he of discovering treason. "The box has not been lifted."

"No!" uttered the gentleman, in an accent of keen disappointment, for somehow he had fed himself with the hope that it had been "lifted," and would be restored through Mr. Beecher. "Have you ascertained to a positive certainty?"

"As certain as that you and I are here, sir. I saw the right men, and I can assure you they know nothing whatever about it. Their opinion is, that it was took into the castle. Right glad they'd have been to get the fifty guineas, and we'd have shared it among us. You'd have had your box this night, sir, if they could help you to it."

Lydney paused to revolve the news.

"Would a higher reward bring it forth?" he presently asked.

"Not if you offered a bank-full—not if you offered a thousand pounds," answered Beecher, little thinking that he named the very sum to be announced on the morrow. "What they haven't got, they can't give up—and they've not been a-nigh it at all. They think you must look for it in the castle."

"What reason have they for thinking that?"

"Well, I don't know that they have got much reason, but it's their opinion. Sharp cards they are, too, and their opinion's worth having, sir. For one thing, they say that if the box had been smuffed, they should know it."

"But Lord Dane says it is not in the castle. More than that, I hear he had the castle searched by the police, every nook and corner of it, and there was no box."

"Has Lord Dane any interest in hiding or detaining the box, sir?"

"Why?"

"Because—not that I insinuate he had, nor have I reason to think it—there's places in the castle where things may be put away, and where the eyes of the police, though they were sharpened up by a dozen magnifying telescopes, would never find 'em. I was a talking to old father about it. Says he, 'If my Lord Dane wanted to keep that box in hiding, he could do it fast enough in the castle.' Tales go, sir, though they may not be true, that years ago, one of the Lord Danes, who was at his wits' end for cash, went snacks with some smuggliers, and the booty used to be deposited in the secret places of the castle."

How did my Lord Dane's ears like being regaled with that? There's a very popular proverb which runs in this fashion: "Listeners never hear any good of themselves."

"And if, by chance, the box should have been consigned to any one of these secret places, how—who's to get it?" inquired Lydney.

"Why, it will never be got as long as the castle's a castle—at least as long as my Lord Dane's its master," returned the poacher. "There's not many, sir, would choose to brave Lord Dane."

"A martinet, when crossed, I suppose," carelessly remarked Mr. Lydney.

"Like all the rest of the Dane family. The old lord was a stinger, if thwarted; and his eldest son would have been worse, had he lived to reign. Captain Dane was hot, too; but generous."

"I have heard him, the captain, spoken of since I came to Danesheld," observed Mr. Lydney. "Did he not fall over the cliff? or was thrown from it?"

"It was not a simple fall, sir. He was scuffling with another man, and was no doubt pitched over. Danesheld regretted him much, and all the more when tidings came of his eldest brother's death. We should have liked the captain to reign over us. Why, Ravensbird—the very man you are lodging with—was his servant."

"Indeed! With whom was Captain Dane scuffling?"

"It's what has never been found out, sir, from that day to this. Ravensbird was took up for it; but it wasn't him, and that was proved. And then there was a talk of a packman; but he couldn't be discovered. No, it has never been found out."

There was a pause. Mr. Lydney broke it, his voice ringing out unusually sonorous and clear in the night air.

"The present Lord Dane—Mr. Herbert, as I hear he was called then—was he suspected?"

"My heart alive, no!" returned the poacher. "Whatever made you suspect him, sir?"

"I suspect him!" echoed Mr. Lydney. "My good man, don't run away with a wrong notion: I cast no suspicion towards him. Had I been in Danesheld at the time of the occurrence, and of an age to reason, it is an idea I might have taken up. He was the one to benefit by Captain Dane's death."

"But, when the thing happened, Mr. Dane, the eldest son, was alive. Captain Dane was no more the heir to the property, at the time of his death, than I was: in fact, he never was heir at all, for he died before his brother."

"And Mr. Herbert was not suspected?"

"He was not suspected," answered Beecher. "Though that brings to mind that a chap which I'd rather not name, declared he saw Mr. Herbert on the heights at the time of the accident, or murder—whichever it was. But he was three sheets in the wind, and we made him hush his tongue."

"Why make him hush it?"

"Who'd charge such a insinuation against a Dane—though it was only Mr. Herbert? Besides, what should he want, attacking his cousin? No, 'twasn't likely: and we made the chap cork up his chatter."

"Who was 'the chap?'" continued Mr. Lydney.

"Well, I don't know that it matters telling; it's all over and done with. 'Twas my brother, sir."

To describe how Lord Dane in his hiding-place clenched his fists at the audacious Lydney, and would have liked to pummel him as he deserved, would be a task for a strong pen. The latter continued, totally unconscious that he had any listener, save Beecher.

"Could you give me an idea where these secret holes are in the castle?"

"No, that I couldn't, sir, and I don't know that there really are any; it may be all bosh. I'll ask father again."

"Do so. And——"

The speech was interrupted by a shot, fired not far from them. Beecher opened his ears.

"That shot's a ruse to deceive the keepers: they are not at work so low down as this. It was within an ace of being hot work last night; but the keepers got help and came out in numbers, and we made a run for it."

"What pleasure can you find in this wild, lawless life?" remonstrated Lydney. "It is full of danger."

"A spice of danger gives zest," returned the man.

"A spice may. But when it comes to exchange bullets, and battered heads, and broken limbs; that is rather more than is agreeable."

"One must live, sir."

"Every man, who tries to live honestly, may live honestly: and——"

"Not when he has been at this sort of work all his life. Who'd trust him then? or help him to honest labor?"

"I would, for one," returned Mr. Lydney. "If a man who had stepped aside from the straight path, turned to it again, and set himself in a proper way to be what he ought to be, there's all the more respect due to him."

"Ah, well, sir; talking's one thing, doing's another. I wish I could have found your box; that would have helped some of us on."

"Keep a look-out still: it is not impossible but you may hear of it. There's for the trouble you have already taken," he added, putting a piece of gold in his hand.

"I'll tell you what it is, sir. If we had always had such people as you to deal with us in this Danesheld, we shouldn't, many of us, have gone wrong. Thank you, sir, and a hearty good-night to you."

The man moved quickly away; Lydney more leisurely followed him; and, last of all, emerged Lord Dane, wiping his brows like a man in a hot consternation.

"A pretty devil's plot, these fellows would like to set afoot!" quoth he; "secret places in the castle, and all the rest of it! If ever a man deserved hanging, it's that traitor Lydney. The whole set of poachers are angels, compared with him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VICTIMIZING A PUBLISHER.

Doctor Walcot, the celebrated Peter Pindar, was an eccentric character, and had a great many queer notions of his own. A good story is told of the manner in which he once tricked his publisher. The latter, wishing to buy the copyright of his works, offered him a life annuity of 200*l*. The doctor, learning that the publisher was very anxious to purchase, demanded 300*l*. In reply, the latter appointed a day on which he would call on the doctor, and talk the matter over. At the day assigned, the doctor received him in a dressing-gown, even to the nightcap; and having aggravated the sickly look of a naturally cadaverous face by purposely abstaining from the use of a razor for some days, he had all the appearance of a candidate for quick consumption. Added to this, the crafty doctor assumed a hollow and most sepulchral cough, such as would excite the pity of even a sheriff's officer, and make a rich man's heir crazy with joy. The publisher, however, refused giving more than 200*l*., till suddenly the doctor broke out into a violent fit of coughing, which produced an offer of 250*l*. This the doctor peremptorily refused, and was seized, almost instantly, with another even more frightful and longer protracted attack, that nearly suffocated him; when the publisher, thinking it impossible that such a man could live long, raised his offer, and closed with him at 300*l*. The old rogue lived some twenty-five or thirty years afterwards.

FACETIÆ

THE BEST TRADE MARK.—Cash received.

MARRY-TIME ENGAGEMENT.—Naming the day.

A FEW days ago a party of gentlemen went on a fishing excursion, were gone three days, and said they caught seven hundred trout. One caught 7, and two others 0 each, making 700.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.—May—"Mamma, do let us have another wedding soon!"

Mamma (who does not like parting with her daughter)—"Don't talk of such a thing, my darling!"

May—"I mean let's have another wedding, and leave out all but the cake, you know!"

SO YOUNG.—Too Fitzbrown—"I suppose you found Wales and the lake scenery very charming?" American Young Lady—"Oh, pretty fair, you know, but very small after our magnificent mountains and gigantic waterfalls; er—and our country is so much younger than yours, too—hardly a century old yet, Mr. Fitzbrown."

A MANCHESTER firm which takes all its employes for a day's trip to the seaside during the summer, decided last year to visit Blackpool. It is the general custom of the workers to have a dip in the sea before beginning the usual amusements. "Eh, mon, how dirty ye are!" said one hale Lancashire lad to his fellow bather. "Missed the trip last year," was the laconic rejoinder.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

I loved her with a perfect love,
That flung all sense away!
And near my heart I wore her glove,
And kissed it every day!
I kept the flowers from her hair—
I have some roseleaves still;
And thought how very dear they were—
When came the florist's bill.

I lived a life of stupid bliss,
Yet never dared to speak!
And if I got her hand to kiss
Was happy for a week!
But when at last my fate I tried,
She said, in icy tones,
"Next week, sir, I shall be the bride
Of John Augustus Jones."

THE following story of an aquatic courtship comes to us from one of our fashionable seaside resorts. The adventurous youth who got on so *swimmingly* with his courtship, will doubtless be pronounced by all the young ladies who read this a duck of a lover:

"It is reported that one young gentleman, who swam indifferently, followed out into the sea a young lady who swam excellently; that, panting with emotion and exertion, he assured her, in the briefest possible manner, of his attachment, and almost choked himself in the attempt to seize and kiss her hand; that, floating upon his back, he explained quietly his position and circumstances, and breathed words of tenderness, while the fair one again and again plunged under water to conceal her blushes; and that, finally, when they swam to shore, the daring youth had been accepted, at the cost of being almost paralyzed with cold."

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A hero of Scott's Lady of the Lake. 3. An European river. 4. A conjunction. 5. A vowel. Centrals form an European river.

LITTLE ONE.

HIDDEN BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

1. James, the rat is caught.
2. Joe, let us go to church.
3. A mine of mica has been found in Maryland.
4. My uncle lives in Johnston, Penna.

LITTLE ONE.

CHARADE.

My first, when it meets me, sticks to me as a friend; my second, if I were to tell you, would reveal my first; and my whole may you never catch.

A FRENCH CHARADE.

Mon *premier* est un metal precieux,
Mon *second* est un habitant des cieux,
Mon *tout* est un fruit delicieux.

ENIGMA.

I am neither fish, flesh, nor bone,
But have four fingers and a thumb.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Cupid complained that the Muses had taken away his arrows. "Clio," he said, "had taken one-fifth; Euterpe, one-twelfth; Thalia, one-eighth; Melpomene, one-twentieth; Erato, one-seventh; Terpsichore, one-fourth; Polyhymnia, thirty; Urania, one hundred and five; and Calliope had taken three hundred. So that now," he said, "I have but five arrows remaining in my quiver." How many arrows had he at first? J. KELLY.

RIDDLE.

I am—no: when I say
I am, I am not.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 7, Vol. 55.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 2, Vol. 55

SQUARE WORDS.—

1.	2.
JANE	HART
ABED	AREA
NEED	REAL
EDDY	TALE

NAME PUZZLES.—

1.	2.
Walter.	Fanny.
Albert.	Lillian.
Leonard.	Olivia.
Theodore.	Rosalie
Edgar.	Ethel.
Robert.	Nina.
	Clara.
	Edith.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

H
SIT
REBUS
SEVENTH
HIBERNIAN
TUNNELS
STILE
HAS
N

ENIGMA.—Love, or Hope.

CHARADE.—Mir(e)age.—Mirage.

MY COTTAGE.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

All golden fell the sundown
Upon the garden wall:
The eager blackbird answered
His dun mate's amorous call;

The white clematis mingled
With creeping eglantine,
And monthly roses nestled
With stars of jessamine;

As happier I than monarch
On Europe's proudest throne
Strode homeward in the even,
Toward my cot—my own.

A lithe and slender figure
Stood watching at the door;
Her eyes with love-light sparkled
As she gazed o'er the moor.

And in her arms a cherub,
A chubby two year-old,
Whose waxen baby fingers
Played with her locks of gold.

Here, here is my true haven
From all the storms of Life;
And here my guardian angel—
A truthful, loving wife!

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.,

[This serial was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

FATE AVENGES ITSELF.

During the exciting progress of the events narrated in the last two or three chapters, Lea, as we have stated, was confined, not only to her chamber, but her bed.

She lay in a condition of deathlike faintness—of powerless prostration. Yet, strange to say, of torturing mental activity.

She had four physicians attending her in daily consultation, a general practitioner, and two trained nurses. Her case was regarded as an enigma, for she said nothing about the laceration of the arm, a mere puncture, which had been given by the pressure of Templemore's ring, and it became apparently a sharp struggle between an unknown malady and medical science, from which at last, and but slowly, the latter emerged—also apparently—the victor, except in one respect.

In reality, her recovery was due to the antidote which Templemore had administered to her.

However, the epileptic fits ceased, and she began by degrees to gain strength, to move her limbs, and to feed herself. She was told that, within a day or two, she would be able to walk about in her chamber, and shortly afterwards take carriage exercise.

When she had strength to raise her hands towards her head, she asked for a handglass, that she might ascertain the ravages her disorder had made upon her beauty; but she was refused on the plea that a change had been wrought in her features which might startle her, but it was only such change that restored health and change of air would entirely dissipate.

She was satisfied with the explanation, and did not notice that every looking-glass, of which there had been at least a dozen, had all been removed from her chamber.

Day passed after day without much change in her. She attempted to walk her chamber, but made little or no progress, she was so weak. But she slept undisturbedly, she said, all night, and selected her laziest nurse to remain in her chamber, because when she snatched a few winks—which usually absorbed the interval between twelve and five in the morning—she slept profoundly without moving.

On one of these nights, in the room in which Templemore had held his memorable interview with Lao:

Like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,

there stood a figure clad in white garments over the upper portion of which was thrown loosely, as a wrapper, a rich Indian shawl. It held in its hand a chamber lamp, with which it cautiously surveyed the chamber. Then it proceeded to a davenport which stood in the room.

It was Lao.

With noiseless rapidity she unlocked the upper portion, and an exclamation escaped her lips:

"It has been ransacked!"

She pressed a spring and removed a panel from a false bottom, disclosing a well in which lay a packet.

"They are safe," she hissed, between her teeth. "My time to act has come."

She took out the packet and hid it beneath her shawl, replaced the panel, and relocked the cabinet. As she turned to glide away, she observed a letter lying in a salver on the table, as if awaiting to be delivered. As all her senses appeared to be sharpened, she saw that the superscription was addressed to her in a feminine hand, but one quite unknown to her, and she snatched it up and scanned it closely.

A curious, indefinable feeling of fear passed through her frame. Her first impulse was to cast the letter from her; a second thought caused her to crush it in her hand and return to her chamber.

Her nurse was in a dead sleep, and she stowed away her recovered securities. Then she was about to open the letter, but she paused suddenly, as it occurred to her, if detected reading it, she would be asked how it came into her possession, so she hid that away, too.

It was a little surprising to the nurse, rather more so to the physicians, that she quite suddenly appeared to have recovered strength sufficient, not only to leave her bed, but her chamber, too.

The physicians, on leaving her, acknowledged that their services were no longer needed, that they were baffled in ascertaining what was the actual malady with which she had been attacked, gave her some few general directions, but repeated their injunctions to avoid excitement of every kind, and not to look at herself for a month, at least, in a glass, if she wished to save herself from a repetition of her strange illness.

"Dash it, Lao!" exclaimed Harcourt, flushing up crimson to the roots of his hair, as she, one morning, most unexpectedly presented herself fully attired at the breakfast table. "You have astonished me. Quite strong again. I thought you were booked—for—for——"

"The Happy Land," she suggested, looking him steadfastly in the eyes, so that he rather hastily turned his away, as he murmured, unthinkingly:

"Yes."

"The Holy Land would, perhaps, be nearer the mark," she returned with a suggestive significance quite lost upon him.

"Ah!" he responded, with a forced laugh, "that would be more appropriate. You look awful."

"Thanks; I have not troubled a glass yet, so cannot dispute the point with you."

"Don't," he ejaculated laconically.

"You, too, have not recovered your personal charms," she rejoined, with a sneer. "You look more like a worn, hunted hound than the trim-faced puppy you were. You have been dissipating."

"Dined last night with Templemore and De Rougemont. You know them both, madam, I believe."

"What then—to know is not to love?"

She laughed with a disagreeable harshness, as she uttered this, that stung him. Before he could reply, she added:

"Templemore means to ruin you."

"No," he returned, with contracted brows; "I mean to ruin him. I gave him his revenge last night. At one time I had won another fifty thousand, but he threw it off. I was an ass to let him do that."

"But you won?"

"No, we are quits."

"Never!" she said, slowly, and with emphasis.

He did not appear to her, for he said, quickly:

"By the way, Lao, you converted his check into securities, I learn; where are they, I want them?"

"You hunted for them in my davenport."

"Everywhere, but I could not find them."

"If you had they would have been useless to you. They are all transferred to me."

"So I heard, too. However, hand them over."

"I have not got them. They are at my bankers. I invested the money for safety."

"And yourself."

"I scorn it. Write me out an order to transfer them to you, and I will do it."

"When?"

"This morning — now, I'm strong enough."

He glanced up at her. A little shudder ran through him. He jumped up.

"I'll do it," he said. "What shall I say?" he added, taking up a pen.

"Only this," she replied, in a calm, indifferent tone, "'Please transfer enclosed securities to Mrs. Harcourt for me,' and sign it."

He complied, and handed her the paper.

"Shall I go with you?" he asked.

"Absurd!" she ejaculated, with a scornful laugh. "No; I'll go alone."

"I will not be seen out again with you alone, if I can help it," he thought, with a bristling up of his hair.

Armed with her securities she proceeded to "her" broker. He was alone, and she mentioned her name and business, and she handed him Harcourt's written authority to act. The broker seemed rather puzzled, but observed that as this note removed the estoppel there would not be the least difficulty in getting cash for the securities, and he asked her to wait while he negotiated them.

When he returned, as she requested, he handed her the proceeds in notes.

"You are Mrs. Harcourt?" he remarked, with an obsequious, smirking smile, for he remembered her beautiful face only too well. It had haunted him ever since.

She threw up her thick veil.

"I have been ill," she said, with a smile.

The man fell back as if he were about to faint with a sudden fright. In a half suffocated voice he gasped out:

"How shocking!"

She replaced her veil with a sudden dash. She set her teeth together, and glared at the man's pallid, astounded countenance.

"What does the fool mean?" she muttered, as she stalked from his office with a haughty and offended air.

But she had the money. Hours seemed to be occupied in getting back to the Cavendish. Fortune favors knavery as well as integrity. She regained her boudoir unobserved.

"I will put off Harcourt with an evasion," she thought. "It will take time to complete a legal transfer. Just long enough to return to the land of music and cloudless skies with—one beloved. Why should I disguise it to myself. Oh, how sweet it must be to be loved for one's self alone. De Rougemont loves me—and I—oh, I will show him that I know how to reciprocate a love which has no base, worldly, or selfish instincts to alloy it. I think I see his frantic delight when I—and I will seem to do it unconsciously—confess that I love but him alone—that I have never loved before—never—never. Oh, Fate, how you have persecuted me; but now I triumph, and I can laugh at your powerless spite."

Within the secret well of her davenport she hid the new crisp Bank of England notes. She was half delirious at the thoughts of her wealth.

"It is so grand," she muttered, with swelling lip and a scornful gesture of the hand, "to be independent of all the world—to be able to laugh at, despise, defy it. There is nothing now to stop between me and happiness."

It may be a question for philosophers, but one which we shall not discuss here, why a memory, to which apparently nothing has led up, should come out of his store cell and obtrude itself upon the sensorium; it is enough for the purpose that Lao suddenly remembered the letter which she had in the dead of night discovered while removing her securities from her davenport.

Without being able to furnish a reason, the sudden recollection seemed to dart with the effects of a blow from her brain to her heart.

From whom could it be? What woman living was there who would write to her? Upon what subject were they likely to address her?

She hurried to the small work-table in her dressing-room, and, tossing out a heap of unfinished work and small knick-knackeries, she found the letter where she had thrust it.

Still quite alone, she examined the superscription curiously. It was strange that the mere tracery of written characters should cause a cold thrill to vibrate through her nerves—that a sudden angry flush should leap to brow and brain as she noticed that it was addressed to

Mistress Harcourt, the prefix, usually written with three letters in abbreviation, being more impressively marked with the pen than the other words.

A string of useless conjectures were ended by a sudden tearing open of the envelope, and certainly to her unqualified amazement she read as follows:

"You know me not, yet knowingly irreparably injured me. Cruelly, mercilessly you blighted my life at the period when it is human to expect to realize the brightest happiness the world can bestow. For more than ten long, weary years you doomed me to a never-ceasing anguish, and as a crowning point you strove to utterly defeat the object for which alone I clung to life, and to slay me with an affliction I could never have upborne had you been enabled to accomplish your most inhuman purpose. Heaven willed otherwise, and to the judgment of Heaven I leave you. I entreat you to think of that, to fear it, and to try to make some reparation for the injuries you have inflicted upon the innocent.

"For myself, I have done with you, and shall do my utmost to expunge you, and another associated with you in your unlawful crime, from my memory. Had it been a matter personal to me, no earthly power could have made me address you, but the generous, noble action of one who rendered me a service never to be adequately requited, has induced me to hold down my repugnance with a strong hand. You see, I have controlled it.

"Your son—your own child—a bright, handsome, lovable boy, with a true heart and honorable instincts, was the means of restoring my darling to me—her whom, creature without heart, you had caused to be incarcerated in a lunatic asylum. He it was who afforded me the necessary information, and assisted to replace my child in the arms from which she had been so long estranged.

"Of your history I have learned enough for my purpose from a woman who was once your personal attendant—Mary Lavender. The boy of whom I speak is your son by your living husband, Mr. Clare Templemore. He has conceived—it is not difficult to understand it—a hatred for the boy because he is your son. He would willingly see the wronged, innocent offspring of both, to use his own words, repented to me by the woman Lavender, 'dragged through life, kicked through it, made a whelp, a gallows bird of.' Will no maternal cry come out of your heart at that thought? Woman, you are living in splendid shame. Your legitimate child is a stable boy—a boy who, knowing the sins of her who bore him, of him who has doomed him to a life of degradation, now curses both, and is bent, in the very practice of his vocation, on attempting to ruin the father who has so inhumanly wronged him. It is for you to remove that curse from his young and tender lips—for you to make some attempt to atone for your past criminality by saving him. Do it. Pause not, but proceed to, at least, that good work without delay. As you hope for mercy from the All Merciful—but forget not the All Just—be merciful to your poor neglected child."

Within this letter was enclosed a scrap of paper, on which was written the address Leo had given to Giftie, and where it stated he could be communicated with.

Lao perused this remarkable epistle from beginning to end without pausing, but not without emotion. It was not signed, but she guessed that it came from the original of the hoarded photograph—the soft, pretty toy face seen at the opera—the lady who had alone the right to call herself Mrs. Harcourt Eliot.

At first there were throes of pain, of emotions something like shame, of penitence, and a feeling that she ought to do something for the boy, because certainly he was her son, and the legitimate heir to all Templemore's property, whatever that might be. Alas! that last thought changed the whole current of her sympathies.

She bit her lip, and paced the room with a haughty, indignant, offended air.

"Let him provide for his son—his legitimate boy," she forced through her quivering lips. "It is his duty, and the law will compel him. I am sick of the name of the brat. How dare that white-faced, pretty fool write to me. Let her address Templemore, and send to him her photograph—possibly, after he has seen it, he will listen to her. For me, I'll end all without delay. I am sick, worn, suffocated in this place. I long, I yearn to be free. I will not wait for the crawling, snail-like advertisement. I will to De Rougemont. I will counterfeit unhappiness, wretchedness. He will fall into rhapsodies, to which I will seem to yield a half reluctant, half willing ear. He will propose immediate flight, and I will take him at his word. Happiness, yet I will have you in my grasp."

She knew where and the hour to find De Rougemont. A sovereign placed in the hands of Starbuck, his valet, admitted her to the colonel's sitting room, and, as it happened, he was within.

She was thickly veiled, and though he pressed her to remove the envious covering to her beautiful face, she refused. She said she had only come to ask his advice, for she had no other friend than he in the world, and before he could reply she poured out a tale of imaginary sufferings which she had to endure at the hands of Harcourt.

As she expected, De Rougemont inveighed against him in furious terms, and proposed that she should fly from him without delay—permit him to be the companion of her flight, that he might save her trouble, fatigue, annoyance of any kind, and then allow him, out of the generous tenderness of her nature, to devote the remainder of his life to the study of her happiness.

If he could have seen the smile of exultant triumph that passed over her features as those words, like a torrent over a precipice, poured from his lips.

Yet it was no counterfeit, for she loved this man, and for the moment her felicity was supreme.

Nevertheless, it was long ere she apparently suffered herself to be persuaded. At length, after a rhapsody of urgings, she wrung her hands, trembled from head to foot, and giving way to a violent paroxysm of tears, yielded, murmuring:

"Oh, De Rougemont, I am yours. Be only constant, faithful, enduring in your love for me!"

Ristori could not have acted this passage better than she.

With a loud exclamation of joy, and in a passionate undertone, he responded:

"My adored angel, my whole existence will be too short to be dedicated to your happiness. Let me thank you with this grateful kiss."

As he uttered these last words, before she had the least notion of his intention, he tore away her veil, and was about to press his lips to hers, when to her intense amazement he fell back with a cry of affright—that is the word—fell back as though he had unexpectedly found himself in close contact with one already livid with the loathsome plague.

Again she faltered:

"I have been ill!"

"Great Jove," he gurgled, with a look of abhorrence, "you—you—you are a *mulatto!*"

As he uttered these words he rushed from the room.

She stood paralyzed. There was a deafening ringing in her ears, her brain whirled swiftly. She gazed slowly round her as though her eyes alone had life. Near to her was a huge pier glass.

By sheer force of will she swung round, walked up to it, and stared, glared at herself in it.

She threw up her hands with a hoarse, wild screech.

Her complexion was a gray green—

Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

It was more hideous than even Templemore's!

This was his vengeance!

Then came a blank upon her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LEO SCORES ONE.

A blank, but not for long.

When she recovered her senses she found herself in her own sleeping chamber, attended by her doctor and her maid.

"I told you," said the doctor, "you must avoid excitement. You have not taken my advice, and your complexion will never regain its original hue. Your blood by some means has been poisoned. It will never change."

Her maid told her when they were alone, with an offensive, smirking air of confidence, that Colonel De Rougemont's man, Starbuck, had brought her home, and had begged her not to "blow;" and she said, poor as she was, she would sooner die than say a word to master about it.

In gloomy silence she gave her a sovereign.

Then the girl produced a note which she told her the colonel's man had brought that morning, with strict injunctions that it was only to be given to her when she was alone.

She took it, and dismissed her.

It was a long while ere she could bring herself to break the seal. When she did she read:

"Mrs. Harcourt, I entreat your pardon. I have been mad—have acted like an insane idiot in a frenzy. I have pleaded a cause which had no foundation in truth. I am truly penitent. I withdraw myself from your too fascinating attractions for ever. Forget me."

It was signed with a monogram she had herself designed for him, and that character seemed to clinch the blow he had dealt her.

There was yet another letter for her. A glance at the handwriting told her it was from Harcourt, and with a foreboding of what was coming she opened it and read:

"Lao:—A time has arrived which has made it imperative for me to speak out. All disguise between you and me from this moment is useless—nay, it is impossible. When you first lured me to associate myself with you, you were already Templemore's wife and the mother of a child, no matter how I know it—I do know it. I with shame confess I also was at that time the husband of another and the parent of a child, both of whom I deserted in consequence of your artful tricks. I feel bitterly my folly now, for but for you I should have been happy—most happy—with my poor wife. What am I now? A wretched being, and in the way of happiness a completely ruined young man—all through you. But it must come to an end—in fact, it has come to an end. It is my firm, unalterable purpose never to speak to—if possible, never to see—you again. You may have expected it—in short, you ought, when I mention the name of Colonel De Rougemont. You see, your movements are not unknown to me. Besides, your appearance now wholly forbids my appearing in public with you. I don't mean, however, to behave mean or shabby to you. Your wardrobe and the jewels I have bought you you may keep; the money in your possession and at your bankers I also make you a present of——"

She paused here, and for a moment a cry of exultation burst from her lips, as she murmured:

"This makes that money my own. With such a consolation, why should I despair?"

She returned to the perusal of the letter, and then went on to the end with a rapid, dizzying whirl.

"The sum you realized for those securities I discovered, after some pains and the assistance of a carpenter, in your davenport. Your little venture in those stocks realized fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds, which I have paid to your credit at your bankers; and I have given them authority to draw on me in your favor two hundred pounds per annum, as a sum settled by me on you during your good behavior. The fifty thousand pounds has gone back to Templemore; I lost it to him at play. At present we are quits, but I am right with him on sporting events.

"I have paid up all claims upon me to the end of the month at the Cavendish, from whence you will depart as soon before that period as convenient to yourself, and proceed wheresoever you please, except in my direction. I have parted from you for ever, and I advise you—nay, I caution you—never again, under any circumstances, to approach your greatly wronged HARCOURT."

It is needless to attempt to describe the loathing scorn with which she read this epistle to the end, or the tone in which she uttered:

"Reptile!"

But, oh! the sickening disappointment to find the illgotten money, upon the possession of which she had raised such a superstructure, had returned to its equally stained source. Oh! the agony of her despair to find herself hurled from her comparatively high state to consort with the undercrust of society, and there even to be a fingerpoint of contempt, for she was deserted, discarded—thrust upon the unfeeling world with an income which hitherto had scarce found her in gloves and boots.

What was to be done?

That day passed. The next the manager of the hotel, with his nose high in the air, and a deportment as though the world was much too small for an object of his importance, presented himself before her, desirous to know if she would name a day which would "soot" her to transfer herself and belongings to some other place—Timbuctoo, if she preferred it. He had no choice, so that she did not remain longer than "possibul," as he was desirous of getting the "sweet" of rooms ready for some people of "persition" who had written for them.

She dismissed him with a look and a few words which made him feel as if he had been despatched to the block by the Queen Satanella.

For two long, weary, additional days and nights she watched for the return of Harcourt. She had a vague idea that she could prevent him casting her off in this dreadful way; but he did not appear, and she had to look her position in the face.

She could not alter it. She had placed herself out of the pale of the law, and could not appeal to it for help; but, after agonizing, desperate reflection, she came to the conclusion not to accept utter defeat, as well as bitter—she alone knew how bitter—humiliation.

She could yet live for revenge—yet live to destroy both Templemore and Harcourt, and fill up, possibly, De Rougemont's cup of joy with a poison which would embitter the remainder of his life.

These long, earnest musings brought her to think of the letter Floss had sent to her, and she read it and reread it many times. At length it seemed to furnish her with a plan of vengeance, and she at once set to work.

In a calm, collected, businesslike way she proceeded to make an inventory of everything that belonged to her, and selecting only such articles of wearing apparel as were absolutely necessary, and keeping all her jewelry, which was of some considerable value, she ordered all the rest to be sold. With her modest baggage she quitted the Cavendish in a four-wheeled cab, alone and unattended even by a mark of civility from those who had profited much by her stay there—a fact fiercely galling to her pride, but a disgraceful meanness of which she was unable to take any notice, for her sun was in total eclipse. So she departed, leaving no clue behind her, but no one to track it if she had feared it.

Within three days from that time old Tate Lavender toddled up to his cottage door, and raising the latch, peered in. He observed his daughter, Mary, seated in a chair, supporting her chin on her right hand and clasping its elbow with her left, ruminating.

He presented a face to her all mouth and wrinkles, like a Chinese mask.

"Polly," he wheezed, in a high note, "here's a spurt for you! I've bought you a little fortun' along o' the Queen o' the Ashingtees."

She rose to her feet.

"What do you mean, you old fool?" she asked, in a surly, ferocious tone.

"Here's a swell lady in search o' sarcy young Lay. If she hadn't been foaled in Afriky I should say she was his d—— I axes her pardon—his ma, I mean," he answered, exhibiting liberally his toothless gums.

Before his daughter could further question him a shadow fell on the threshold, and a lady entered the room. Her bearing was erect and haughty, but though veiled, Mary Lavender recognized her at once as her former mistress.

Lao raised her veil with her usual impetuous movement, and Mary Lavender screamed in response—the change since last she saw her was so awful.

Lao betrayed a wince of pain, but nothing more. Fixing her serpentlike, glittering eye upon Lavender, she commenced, abruptly:

"You have had a boy in your charge almost from infancy—do not pretend to deny it, for I have provided myself with proofs—a boy——"

"Who is your son, Mrs. Templemore," interrupted Mary Lavender, at once assuming a vulgar, insolent bearing; "and let me tell you——"

"I came not here to discuss his parentage with you," she, in her turn, interposed, sharply. "I want to see him."

"You will have to find him first," sneered Mary Lavender.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled old Tate; "a reg'lar Will-o'-the-Wips. Needle in a bottle o' 'ay 's a fool to 't."

He interposed his form between his daughter and Lao, and presented to the view of the latter his toothless gums in a senile smile.

His daughter, not desiring he should take part in the conference, with a swift movement of her arm swept him from the scene, so that he alighted in his own high back chair with his little legs in the air, and then she slowly, in a defiant sort of way, crossed her arms upon her waist as she again faced Lao.

"He must be found!" exclaimed the latter, imperiously.

"You will have to find him yourself without my help, after the dirty trick you played me, and not the first time either; and you a lady, too! A fine madam, truly. A lady—pooh! What better are you than me, I should like to know? Better! How much worse, for I have kept my character, while you——"

"Silence, wretch!" shrieked Lao, furiously.

Why, this was raining burning cinders, molten lava, upon her head, as though she were on the edge of an active volcano. It seemed that every sin carried promptly its own retribution with it, and to be under the lash of such a creature as the one before her was terrible.

For a moment the bitterness of her rage and humiliation was all but unendurable, yet she knew that it must be borne, for she knew she could not achieve her hopes of revenge if she were to be too thin-skinned, so she swallowed her ire, and asked for an explanation. In caustic terms it was given to her; but it seemed as though Lavender was casting firebolts on a rock of adamant, for Lao took no further heed of her abuse than to give her a written paper which would release her bank note from its bondage, and she placed in her hand a few new bright sovereigns.

This was enough for Lavender. She immediately became all obsequiousness and eagerness to serve her. It was true she could then give her no information about Leo, but she was the best person to be employed to track him, because, knowing his character, and remembering what he had boasted about "the three events," an expression she was well able to interpret, she knew how to set about her task.

As Lao was urgent, she put on her bonnet and cloak, gave some valedictory admonitions to her parent, who sat in a lump in his chair indulging in most wicked and profane language for having been so unceremoniously flung there, and then set out on the errand of finding Leo.

To a dozen places she went, and made inquiries to no effect. To twice that quantity of persons she put close and searching questions, but without success. Suddenly she lighted on a boy about his own age, whom she instantly recognized as his chief "pal" and she called him to her; Lao, under positive injunctions, standing by to listen, but to take no part in the colloquy that might ensue.

After a little skirmishing, in language quite unknown to Lao, Mary Lavender said, abruptly:

"Oh, what is going to win the Two Thousand Guineas?"

The boy immediately placed the forefinger of his right hand to his nose, and replied:

"First past the post." Then, as Mary Lavender responded petulantly, he proceeded, "Do you want to back anything? I can give you the straight tip. It ain't many as I'd do it for; but you—well, yes, you ought to stand in, cu'y you must make it wuth my while—eh?"

Mary Lavender's heart leaped up into her mouth. She knew that she was on the threshold of the desired information now. She took from her purse one of the new, bright golden sovereigns Lao had a short time before given her, and tossed it to him. He caught it with the agility of a monkey.

"There, Scrap," she exclaimed, with a smile, "keep that, and if I make anything out of your tip, you shall stand in for something."

"Right you are!" he responded, and then, looking cautiously about him, he drew close up to her, and raising his hand to his mouth, he said, in a low tone, "You've heerd o' the Lady Bab filly. Your boy Tiny was the on'y one who could ride her for her trials."

Mary Lavender nodded.

"Wo'll, she's entered for the Guineas, the Darby, and the Sellinger; but she won't win one if Tiny don't ride her. She'll win all three if he do. Now, look yere, the Lady Bab filly was taken to Northampton about three weeks ago to run for the Cup, not 'zactly to try what she could do, because the stable knows what she can do, but to see whether she would run kindly with somebody else on her back besides Tiny. All the money was on her; but as soon as ever she was in the straight, bowling along all over a winner, she ran out, and was brought in last. It's twenty-five to one against her for the Guineas; but—" he lowered his voice to a whisper—"Tiny will ride her this time, on'y it's kept secutiously dark. Bless his 'art, he has sent me the tip, and I've got all I can get on it. You go and pawn every rag you stand upright in, and back her for any odds—put the pot on, you'll win the whole bilin'. There, that's as good as a fortun'."

"Let me see," rejoined Mary Lavender, drawing a deep breath, "the race is run at Epsom, I think?"

He gave a howl of derision.

"No; Newmarket," he cried contemptuously; "last Tuesday in this month." He placed the sovereign on his thumb-nail, tossed it in the air, and caught it backhanded, saying, "I shall go and put this on at once." Then he suddenly faced about, and said, hastily, "Mind, the filly has got a name now. You must back Colonel De Rougemont's Lao—Lao—Laod—— There, get the paper and see; but, remember, Lao wins, for the Mint."

Lao started as the boy skipped away. Colonel De Rougemont's racehorse named after her, to be ridden to victory by her son! It was almost more than her brain could bear; but he had also said Lao wins, and that prognostication sounded as a good omen in her ears.

The following morning they were at Newmarket. It was only a few days before the first Spring Meeting, and the town, the downs, every part where a chance could be obtained by a tout to witness a gallop or a trial, was swarming with horsy, dirty, disreputable looking men—jockeys who looked like a race of pigmies, and by individuals in all kinds of costume, from the groom to the noble.

In all directions Lao and Mary Lavender wandered in search of Leo, but they could learn nothing whatever about him. They did not dare speak about his riding the mare, which in some mysterious way had again become the favorite, although the plunging about her at the rooms at night had been something tremendous; but they learned that Laodice was in the trainer's stables there, but the name published as the jockey to be up was one well known on the Turf, and not Leo.

From some persons whom Mary Lavender knew, she gathered that Templemore had laid against Laodice "as if she were dead." While a swell new to the Ring, named Harcourt, had plunged fearfully upon her. Yet nothing could be gathered about Leo.

The morning of the race, the "Heath," with its many thousand spectators, was a sight to see. Royalty itself was there. Lao took no heed of the people, the turmoil, the confusing uproar which prevailed, and was sufficiently distracting. She only busied herself with obtaining a place near the winning post, and by palming judiciously, Lavender secured this—a place for both, where they could see the most exciting part of the race up to the finish.

Neither had eyes or ears for any other race but the great event. At length—how unsupportably weary the interval had seemed—the course was cleared, the horses were all at the starting post, and after a dreadful pause, there arose shouts of "They're off, they're off!" Again a dull, murmuring roar, and Lao pressed her hands upon her heart to keep down its beatings.

"By Jingo!" cried a man, in her hearing, "that vixen Lao has flung her jockey. Hallo! there's another jock up, looks like a feather weight."

"Boom! boom! boom!" went a bell.

"Now they're off!" shouted ten thousand Stentors.

Lao's sight seemed to leave her—her brain was distracted by the wild hallooing. Suddenly she heard the clattering of many horses' hoofs, accompanied by yells of—

"Silverwing wins! Stray Shot for a thousand! The favorite's beaten! The favorite's beaten! No! no! Laodice! Laodice! for a million! Lao! Lao wins in a trot! She's walking in! Hurrah! *the favorite has won!*"

Lao did not faint. Her intense desire to obtain possession of her boy for her own purpose kept her senses together. Then uprose a tremendous cheering as the winner, bearing a mere boy on her back, passed them, returning to scale.

"It is Leo!" shrieked Mary Lavender.

Clutching Lao by the hands, she dragged her from her seat, conducted her to the weighing room, and got there just as fresh cheering proclaimed that the boy had scaled correctly.

Amid a throng of admiring, applauding people, the boy, accompanied by the trainer, returned to the doorway. In an instant Mary Lavender seized him by the wrist, and screamed, rather than spoke, as she pointed to Lao:

"Leo, child!—this—this is your mother!"

Lao, too, clutched hold of him.

"My boy!" she gasped.

"Mine!" shouted a voice in her ear, as the speaker, with savage force, drew her back, and all but flung her to the ground. "The law gives him to me, woman; and he owes me a debt which I will exact from him in full."

It was Templemore who spoke.

The boy gave a horrified look into the faces of both, set his teeth together, and clenched his fists.

"We'll talk about ownership by and by, Templemore," exclaimed Colonel De Rougemont, suddenly appearing and interposing between him and Leo.

Templemore, with an oath, thrust him fiercely aside; but Leo had vanished, and in that dense throng search for him, though immediate, would have been utterly futile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CATCHING ELEPHANTS.

Some of our readers may not know how they catch wild elephants, and may be interested in the following account of the capture of a herd of forty-nine of these animals, which took place in the Mysore district, in the East Indies. An irrigating canal winds through a dense jungle, at some points approaching a small river, at others stretching away from it into the jungle. In one place a bend of the canal forms, with the river, an enclosure in the shape of a horseshoe, containing about fifteen acres of wooded ground. To this place elephants resort during the monsoon, crossing the canal at three or four points where the banks have become trodden down by constant use. In order to entrap the entire herd, two lines of chains were stretched across the river at the ends of a horseshoe, and a trench was dug on the river bank to cut off escape on that side. The elephants having crossed into the enclosure, the fords were barricaded with cocoanut trees, the canal deepened at those places, and two deep trenches cut from the canal. Meanwhile a deep, circular trench was dug, enclosing about an acre of ground, and two parallel trenches were also dug, leading from the horseshoe to this small enclosure. Drop-gates were made to prevent the animals leaving the *keddah* when once they had entered it. A large force of men were now directed to drive the herd into the *keddah*. The first attempt failed, the elephants stampeding back into the horseshoe after a few of them had entered the enclosure. A second effort was crowned with success. First came a female with her calf; then seven other females, and after a while on came the entire herd with a rush, males, females and calves of all sizes, "like a herd of rather large pigs, jostling and pushing one another through the gateway." When the last was in, down went the gate, and they were all secured. The catching of the elephants, one by one, was the work of several days. The men ride in among them on tame beasts, and put ropes round their legs and necks, after which the tame elephants drag them out in spite of all resistance, and they are chained, one by one, to trees, to be trained at leisure. They do not mind the tame elephants mixing with them at all, even with men on their backs, but they object strongly to the men on the ground, who have to put on the ropes. The clever way in which the tame elephants help is wonderful. They move close up to the wild ones, and understand how to put their legs so as to shield the men from all kicks. They take hold of the wild ones' legs and trunk with their own trunks, and are invaluable.

AN OSTRICH HUNT.

It was once our good fortune to take part in a grand ostrich hunt among the Andes, and never shall we forget the animated scene, and the adventures of that day. The hunt was commenced about nine o'clock in the morning, the different members of the party forming a line with intervals between each of about a hundred yards.

As we slowly advanced the line was directed by the sound of the bugle, and we soon began to beat up game. The hunting ground was nothing more than a vast sandy plain, level as far as the eye could reach, and covered with low thorn bushes. The bushes are about as high as the saddle, so that the rider can look well across the country, and in most places the thorns are so scattered that no animal can pass at a distance of a hundred yards without being seen.

We had advanced about a mile, driving before us foxes, hares, and other animals, to which we paid no attention, when we suddenly heard a shout on the left flank, and saw what at first struck us as being a twenty-inch shot with a long handle going through the bushes ahead, right across our front. If a person had shouted in our ears with a speaking trumpet while we were asleep, "Ostrich," the effect would not have been more sudden. Away we went, with half a dozen others in pursuit; but the ostrich left us far behind in an instant, and we lost sight of him until a few minutes later, when he struck the right flank of our semicircle and was turned back in the centre again. The hunt now became exciting. We soon had a dozen ostriches within our lines, and the bugle sounded to close in. The extremities, about two miles apart, soon united, and as we closed up, every one had to be on the alert to prevent the ostriches from darting through the intervals. At length a great rush was made with revolvers, lassos, and bolas, and after half an hour of racing, shouting, ground and lofty tumbling, we succeeded in rallying the party again with ten splendid ostriches captured. Three times the semicircle was formed, and at three o'clock, after having ridden more than fifty miles, we arrived at camp again with thirty ostrich skins, several live young ones, and a number of animals picked up on the way.

PAIN and pleasure, good and evil, come to us from unexpected sources. It is not there, where we have gathered up our brightest hopes, that the dawn of happiness breaks. It is not there, where we have glanced our eye in affright, that we find the deadliest gloom. What should this teach us? To bow to the great and only source of light and life humbly, and with confiding resignation.

THE common miseries of life give us less pain at their birth than during their formation, and the real day of sorrow is over twenty-four hours sooner than others.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

A HOUSEHOLD CEMENT.—Alum and plaster of paris, well mixed in water and used in the liquid state, forms a hard composition and is a useful cement.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST FROM MUSLIN.—Saturate the spot with lemon juice; sprinkle with salt; then expose the goods to the sun until the spot is removed.

GLASS CUTTING.—To cut glass to any shape without a diamond, hold it quite level under water, and with a pair of strong scissors clip it away by small bits from the edges.

THE heartburn is often cured by means of a small quantity of bicarbonate of soda taken in cold water. Into a wineglassful of water put as much of the bicarbonate of soda as will lie upon the surface of a shilling, stir the mixture with a teaspoon and drink the mixture before it has had time to settle.

NAIL PARING.—For paring the nails a sharp knife should always be used. Scissors, by pressing together the edges of the nails, injure their vitality. Weak, brittle nails are frequently caused by some disordered conditions of the system. Rinsing them in weak alum water, or rubbing them with lemon juice, will strengthen them.

OLD engravings, woodcuts, or printed matter that have turned yellow may be rendered white by first washing carefully in water containing a little hyposulphite of soda and then dipping for a minute in Javelle water. To prepare the latter, put four pounds bicarbonate of soda in a kettle over a fire; add one gallon of boiling water, and let it boil for fifteen minutes. Then stir in one pound of pulverized chloride of lime. When cold, the liquid can be kept in a jug ready for use.

ROSE-BEAD NECKLACE.—Gather as many rose leaves as possible. Pound them in an iron mortar with an iron pestle until reduced to a perfect pulp. Then shape into round balls the size desired for your beads. Pass a very large pin or needle through the middle of each and expose to the sun on a board or dish. When dry they will be nearly as black as jet, very sweet, and ornamental in proportion as they have been neatly rounded and dextrously handled. They may be strung upon finest wire, India rubber or thread, as the wearer prefers.

News of Interest

A LETTER from the Black Hills estimates that there are now from 1000 to 1400 men in that region engaged in gold digging and mining.

VASSAR girls, with a view of combining amusement and economy, propose having a "washing match" at the commencement of the next term of college.

ALL the powers except England have accepted the Russian invitation to participate in the conference on the usages of war, which will meet at St. Petersburg in the spring of 1876.

ACCORDING to a statement in the New York *Tribune*, the average cost of a first class funeral in that city, including lot in Greenwood, a modest display of flowers, and essential etceteras, is $2,191. It costs much to die, but more to live in Gotham.

PROFESSOR KIRKWOOD, of the Indiana University, is quite sure that we are a good deal nearer the sun than was supposed a few years ago. According to his calculations the distance is only 91,875,000 miles. Well, that is comforting, especially considering that the supply of coal is giving out.

MEN have often been puzzled to explain even to themselves why they liked tobacco smoke. But the scientists have found out just what it is, and it is no wonder we like it. Tobacco smoke is, they say, a mixture of cyanhydric, sulphurretted hydrogen, formic, acetic, propionic, butyric, valerianic and carbolic acids, half a dozen kinds of alkaloids and creosote.

SOME idea of the work done by those splendid steamers that bridge the Atlantic may be gathered from the following particulars of a "round trip" accomplished in very fast time by the Baltic. This vessel left New York on the 13th of February last; with a heavy cargo, and, after discharging at Liverpool, reloaded, and reached the starting-place at 10 A. M. on March 7, the double journey being thus accomplished in three weeks.

ON Ascension Day there was a horrible row in Jerusalem between some Greek and Armenian priests, who had been allowed by the Latins to make use of the chapel built over what is believed to be the Saviour's footprint. The quarrel arose on a question of precedence, and ended in a fight. The priests went at it "tooth and nail," fighting up and down the sacred edifice with such fury that they had to be separated by Turkish soldiers. Two Greek priests were wounded, and one of the soldiers, in trying to restore peace, lost his eye. The Mussulman population look upon these sectarian shindies at Jerusalem as peculiar illustrations of the brotherly love which is the distinguishing mark of their Christian fellow subjects.

What Every Horseman Wants?

A GOOD, CHEAP AND RELIABLE LINIment. Such an article is Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment. Pint bottles at One Dollar. For Lameness, Cuts, Galls, Colic, Sprains, etc., warranted better than any other. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 19 Park Place, New York.

A True Woman.

It is the duty of every true woman to look as beautiful as she can. It is her duty to brighten and gladden the world with her loveliness. If nature has denied them this power, it can be remedied by the use of a perfectly harmless beautifier of the skin known as Dr. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," which will remove all discolorations, tan, freckles, sunburns, and other cutaneous diseases from the skin, leaving it delicate, soft, smooth, clear and perfectly beautiful. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Depot, 6 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1875

Saturday Evening, August 28, 1875.

Vol. 55, No. 5.—Contents.

First Page.
Poem—Twilight Thoughts.
Cast Up By the Sea. Chapter XX.
Second Page.
Cast Up By the Sea. Continued.
PACKTIÆ.
OUR OWN SPHINX.
Poem—Weariness.
A Gift From Heaven. Chapters XXXI, XXXII.
Third Page.
A Gift From Heaven, continued.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
RECEIPTS.
Fourth Page.
The House We Live In.
Poem—Heart Clouds
The Sea.
Saturday Evening Sketches. No. 18.
The Haunted Mine.
CENTENNIAL ITEMS.
PERSONAL ITEMS.
Fifth Page.
OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Sea Elves and Mermaids.
Second Thoughts are Best.
Poem—Little Effie.
Through Forbidden Paths. Chaps. XIX, XX, XXI.
Sixth Page.
Through Forbidden Paths. continued.
Poem—My Cottage.
Legend of the Seven Sleepers.
Seventh Page.
A Centennial Heroine.
Advertisements.
Eighth Page.
BONBOIR.
Fight with a Shark.
WATCHING PLACE ITEMS.
CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.
Answers to all Inquirers.

☞ MR. J. F. FOSTER, *No. 9 Milk street, Boston, Mass., is the authorized agent for receiving Subscriptions or Advertisements for this paper, from New England or Canada.*

THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN.

It is a very extraordinary edifice—sometimes beautiful beyond description; but not goodly to look upon when the outer covering is removed, and the beams and rafters are exposed. The human skeleton is the greatest of all marvels in the way of mechanic art, and yet it is not attractive to the eye. This, however, may be attributed to the law of association.

There is a great deal going on in this habitation, over which the tenant has no direct control. It has its workshops, in which, without any action on his part, all sorts of articles are in process of manufacture—tissues of wonderful texture and fineness, solid beams, and rafters, and arches of bone, hinges, bolts, escapements, valves, springs, flexible cords, and bands, and ligaments, capable of bearing an enormous strain, all made out of the raw material, and in the most finished, workmanlike manner. Every principle in mechanics which science has discovered seems to have been anticipated in the workshops of the human frame.

It also has its laboratories, where salts, acids, alkalies, and numberless other substances act upon each other, in strict accordance with the laws of modern chemistry; gases are resolved into fluids, and fluids into solids, and then the solids are restored to their original molecules; brilliant hues are extracted from metals, to color the blood and give charm to the eye; and even the elixir of life, after which the old alchemist toiled so long and so vainly, is evolved in the processes of transmutation that are going on there.

Long before the electric wire was stretched in the air or laid in the bosom of the deep, this wonderful house was furnished with the most perfect batteries, and the magnetic communication carried instant orders from one story of the building to another, and brought back the response, with the greatest possible accuracy.

The whole principle of the steam engine is also to be found in the structure which we all inhabit. There is an interior furnace which we furnish with stated supplies of fuel—a regular draught of air feeding the flame—motion is generated by the combustion, and the wheels of life turn more or less rapidly, as this central engine happens to be in good or bad order.

Of these departments, as we have already said, the occupant of the house has no immediate control. His presence is, indeed, indispensable, for the moment that he moves away, everything that is going on there ceases—the workshops are quiet, the fires go out in the laboratory, the batteries and engines become useless; but, as long as he remains, all the mechanical and chemical processes will go on, in some fashion, in spite of him. But it is possible for him to disturb the orderly working of things, by his folly or neglect. He may withhold the proper supplies, and let the fire burn so low as to impede the action of the machine; or he may introduce violent inflammables, that subject it to a strain which it cannot bear.

What multitudes of people there are who seem to forget that their welfare is contingent upon the care they take of the house in which they live. They are bound to keep it in good repair, or they may forfeit their lease. If they allow the timbers to rot, the whole structure may suddenly tumble about their ears. If they permit filth to accumulate on the premises, it will breed malaria, and make the building uninhabitable.

WHAT YOU DO, DO WELL.

To those who require counsel we should say: When you undertake to do anything, be in earnest about it; do it with your might. Fortune and fame are often lost by not being in earnest. This is a real world—a world of real work; real success; real conflicts; real failures; real triumphs; real defeats. And let no one be so over confident in his own abilities as to look with indifference upon the difficulties before him—the danger and trials that he must pass in order to reach the goal upon which his eye is fixed. Full and glorious success never yet did crown the languid and indifferent exercises of the powers of mind and body. It requires effort to push one's craft against the current of rivalry, jealousy and vice; and if one would have his progress marked by complete triumph, his efforts must be well directed, constant and unrelaxing. But he who feels that he has only to lie inactive and wait for the wind of fortune to drift him into the haven of wealth and fame, has lost every promise of success, and is in far more danger of ultimate disaster than the tempest-tossed mariner, though his mast be gone, and his vessel shattered and torn by the raging sea. Be in earnest; meet the difficulties which daily arise with determination to conquer and rise above them. Let not your adversary find you sleeping or dreaming of an easy conquest. Be faithful; be true; be kind; be firm; be earnest.

HEART-CLOUDS.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Out laughs the sun, and turns the river
To sparks of light that shine and shiver,
And ripples bright that dance and quiver.

The river hastes in queenly pride
To old sea's arms, a jeweled bride.
Thoughtful, I gaze; then from the tide,
I turn to view the landscape wide.
Again I turn: O change supreme!—
No rippled light!—no shattered gleam
Gray clouds have veiled the sun's fair beam.

The river's here, its banks are here,
It is the same, yet not the same.
One day ago, my path was clear—
One day ago, hope knew no fear—
A word or so, from one most dear:
My heart is low, and night seems near,
I am the same, yet not the same.

THE HAUNTED MINE.

BY CAPT. CARNES.

"There is not the least doubt as to the richness of the immediate district, none at all." The speaker was very emphatic in his manner.

"Then what prevents it from being worked?"

"I tell you again it is haunted. Who cares to secure his gold on such terms?—evil spirits hooting and jeering him continually."

"Nonsense!—stuff and nonsense!" affirmed Forney, his whole face contorted by the sneer with which he strengthened his incredulity.

"Now, look here, Forney," said the first speaker, a well-knit, strong-featured cavalryman of company E, station A, outside Victoria, "you will take no offence when I assure you that just as courageous and skeptical men as yourself repeat the tale from actual knowledge. What then?"

Forney laughed.

"Why, Dempster, great minds often have a weakness and hobby in some respect. That fact of who believes in these things and who does not, has no influence upon me at all."

"So I perceive," returned Dempster, a trifle bitingly. "As for myself, the matter hardly interests me, as I am a subaltern, already under marching orders to convey her Majesty's latest cargo of live creatures to New South Wales. Otherwise, I would investigate for myself. The matter came up just now by some fresh rumor brought in from that section."

I had taken but little interest in the conversation which had taken place in Donnell's bar-room, Adelaide. I don't believe that I should ever have thought anything more about it, if I had not casually glanced at the man called Dempster. His sturdy frame, his massive head, and his face, without one feature that certified to any weakness of character, caused me to look again; and set me to wondering if such a person as himself were likely to allow undue credulity, without sufficient support, to find foothold in his soul. When he had passed out, Forney spoke up, and quite startled me out of a reverie:

"Carnes, for the good of posterity let's investigate this haunted mine."

"Botheration!" I exclaimed, not taking readily to the idea. "Where is it located?"

"I don't know; but Skillings is outside here, and he can tell us all about it."

We found Skillings under the awning enjoying himself to the extent of a long-handled pipe, and to the depth of a noggin of *nonesuch;* and between the fumes of pipe and bowl, his eyes had assumed a pensive and smoked-herring look, while his nose appeared chronically club-footed. I hardly imagined that I should give much heed to news from this source.

"Skillings," said Forney, as we took a seat on the bench beside this festive looking personage, "do you know anything about the haunted mine between here and Mount Alex?"

Skillings got his mind up out of the noggin of fuming liquid by lifting his eyebrows, coughing and squeezing back a strangled hiccough, and then contorting his visage, he laconically ejaculated:

"Yes, sir."

"Tell us about it."

"I've been there."

"*You!*"

"Yes, sir. I went out there three months ago, and left it a happy man."

"Ho! found rich deposits?"

"The mine is rich; but I found no benefit from it, no more than others. We are happy to get away alive."

"Carnes and myself," with a sly wink at me, "think of going out there; so we seek information."

"I'll tell you all I know—you are welcome to it;" and Skillings made a wry, or *corned* face, and briefly narrated his experience.

"I don't believe there's another (hic) so rich a gold deposit in (hic) Australia, as at the (hic) Haunted Mine. It's a sort of (hic) blow-hole in a mountain spur beyond (hic) Mount Alex; and lying farther out towards the (hic) friable sands of the desert. Scratch away a (hic) bushel or two of dirt, rubbish and rock—then scratch over the pile and pick up the bits of gold like (hic) cucumber seeds, and eighteen *carrots* fine. But it's the devil's private property, and he's staked his (hic) claim."

"What's the nature of the disturbance?" I queried.

"Every sort of a sound that ever human voices made (hic)."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Forney, "if it's simply heard and not seen, too, it's some of these cursed crooking, talking, laughing Australian birds."

"Try it on!" emphasized Skillings, with a wandering figure of speech; "try it on."

"Faith! I will. It's something hidden in a ravine, or bush near by."

"Pooh!" Skillings squelched the argument, "there ain't a (hic) projecting rock near large enough to hide a bird; there ain't a (hic) stunted fern, nor bush for covert; there's only a leafless, dead old tree for (hic)—for landmark, and the shallow bed of what sometimes is a (hic) slim mountain stream, where a dog couldn't (hic) hide of a star-lighted night."

Our mellow friend applied himself again to pipe and bowl. He had the rare grace to stop talking when he had no more to say. Strange as it may seem to the reader, three days after our conversation with Skillings, Forney and myself, mounted and equipped for work, were on our way to the Haunted Mine. We traversed the peopled strip of coast, then trailed across the sandy barren, shaping our course by what knowledge we had of the locality of Mount Alex.

The mine was readily identified from it's peculiarities, and we found a miner's cabin in a tolerable state of preservation. After a thorough investigation of the place and its chief features, we prepared our implements and set to work. We had taken along with us the third horse laden with supplies. A very few days' labor convinced us that, for once, rumor had told the truth in regard to the richness of the section; and a disagreeable conviction seized upon us that there was something wrong or miners would not leave the place until it was exhausted of its golden store. For two or three days we felt as a man might who is conscious that he is close upon a powder mine, and that an inadvertent step may cause an explosion. But in forty-eight hours we had mostly gotten rid of that sensation, and we worked away like mules, only fearing that we might be surprised by other prospectors. For the first two days we sifted our dirt towards night, and secured what of the precious metal we had dislodged; but finding that a tedious and not a paying operation, we concluded to use the pick and spade a week and then sift out the metal.

It was the evening of the fifth day since we had arrived in this section, and outside the cabin we were smoking and speculating on the feasibility of exploring the interior of that desolate and extensive island. We were lying upon the turf, rejoicing in the different atmosphere which the setting of the sun had brought. Through the day the heat had been intense, the very wind feeling hot as the breath of a furnace; but now the features of the sky showed a change of temper. Still a broad and brilliant moonlight flooded the earth.

In the middle of a sentence which I had begun, without a sound or echo of warning, there came two prolonged, piercing shrieks as rapidly as the breath could be drawn, followed by the most diabolical burst of hoarse, choking laughter that ever curdled the blood around the human heart.

Forney and myself leaped to our feet, with every nerve tingling as if we were holding the pistons of a battery.

If we were conscious of the rush to seek the shelter of the rude cabin, neither one put his thought into action. With drawn pistols we stood frozen, as it were, to the spot. No living thing was passing. The moonlight was so rich and perfect that it would have shown us a rabbit moving across the plain.

Again there came those peculiar, rocking echoes in our ears as those fierce shrieks—three this time—startled the slumbering hills.

"Get back to the shade of the hut," gasped Forney, breaking the numbness that had seized our limbs.

Screams and gurgling laughter continued until I rushed outside again, and, with Forney, advanced to the head of the ravine. Not a thing was in sight. No shadow, only that cast northward by the bare and dead old tree.

Unable to locate the dreadful sounds we circled the tree, scanning its leafless branches, and around the meagre, little hut.

"Are we not unnecessarily exposing ourselves?" I whispered to Forney.

"Is it under foot or over head?"

"God knows. I cannot discover."

We stood still, and with upturned faces scanned the vast blue vault. No aerial voyager was passing there. We lowered our gaze. No moving shadow flecked the plain.

"'Tis the foul fiend!" was Forney's awe-struck ejaculation.

"Hist!" I returned.

There was talking now—talking, talking, talking, although we could not make out a word, yet we were so near it that the failure to do so was tantalizing. Fierce, rushing whispers close by our elbows; hoarse imprecations above or around us; and this went on for more than an hour. Then we went inside the hut and camped down. I don't know what Forney's thoughts were, I had enough to do to manage my own. Whether he slept or not I did not ascertain; but I think that he, as well as myself, occupied the most of the night in listening for the approach of we knew not what.

We went to work again in the morning rather abstractedly and aimlessly. Neither one wished to make the first move in the matter uppermost in his mind, so we dug away and ate our supper in glum stolidity; and with evening again placed ourselves outside, with small arms in readiness, and hanging to our pipes with feeble jaws.

We were denied the solace of conversation, for neither one chose to intrude upon the other's attention; yet I am convinced that although we were expecting the orgies to begin each moment, our nerves were not half so well prepared to repel the attacks upon them as on the previous occasion. And commence again they did, with a doubly horrifying effect. It was the hoarse, choking chorus of a bachanalian song, the notes straggling up, dropping, tangling in with each other, and finishing with a "ha, ha! ha, ho! ha, ha, hah!" that had an indescribable effect, floating away, as it seemed, to above our heads. This was followed by groans, lamentations and despairing cries—struggling, choking, bubbling sounds, so painful to hear that I felt a sense of suffocation affecting me; and Forney, white as the moonlight that struck against his breast, leaned towards me and whispered:

"Let's get away from here, Carnes. This is the mouth of hell."

"With daylight," I returned. "I don't like to pack up now."

And there for three long hours those dreadful noises went on; with our eyes straining to catch any moving object, and only the shadow of that thin, dead tree of the thickness of a small pail blotting the moonlight; and when the silence came, for a time, it was as painful as the noise had been, for our ears refused to accept the change, and maddening echoes ricochetted through our brains.

Never did two live men say adieu to a fortune more heartily than Forney and myself as we left the Haunted Mine, with its stores of scale and nugget gold. Curiosity led us by the scene of our labors, and we hunted for any sign of living being. There was no tracks about our dirt heaps, only our own legitimate footprints.

We prepared ourselves for the ridicule of our "mess" by reflecting that it was easier to bear that than the diabolical uproar of the invisibles that had driven us from the solitary mine. We gave them each and all Skilling's advice to try it on for themselves.

Somehow that far-away bit of rich deposit fell into disrepute among the boys, and no mention was made of it for months.

Forney went back to England, and I put the affair away in my back brain, only as it was occasionally, after a late or indigestible supper, resurrectionized and rehearsed in the wild revels of a pork pie dream; but somewhere about a year after the occurrence I found myself going on business to Sandhurst, and my route lying not far remote from the Haunted Mine, I rode into the direct vicinity to reconnoitre. The only feature of the landscape which was changed was the prostration of the blasted tree, apparently by a sudden or strong gale of wind. Walking up to it I discovered that underneath its gnarled roots was a cavity of considerable extent, and that the trunk was hollow for some little distance up from the ground.

I mounted my horse and rode off, working away at a possibility, the acceptance or rejection of which I leave to the reader's discretion.

Might not some fortunate prospector and daring miner, having discovered this deposit of unusual richness, have hit upon some method of secreting himself in the cavity under the roots of the tree, and with his wise and invincible head thrust up the hollow trunk, through a rent in the outer shell, have gone through with that terrible and soul-harrowing nightly performance, until each fresh arrival of prospectors were driven from the region? You know when any startling sound is not positively located, how easy it is for each person who hears it to place it in a direction to suit himself. But this is all bare supposition, and the reader has full scope to use his, or her, judgment in regard to the Haunted Mine.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

It was such a little nest of a house; and it was so sheltered and hidden by the mountains, so shut in on either side, that until you were almost within a hand's breadth of its entrance, you would not dream it was there at all.

Its roof was low and unshingled—you could have seen the shine of the stars through it, here and there—and its sides were so open that swallows flitted in and out to and from the cradle without rockers where their little ones were sleeping.

It had two rooms, one bed, four little stools for chairs, a table of rough boards on which stood a cup of fresh, wild roses; and you might have thought, as we did, that no one could be happy there but an Indian or his squaw.

And yet it had a cosy, cleanly look. Its walls were half covered with funny little pictures from newspapers and books, and we busied ourselves looking at them while our hostess prepared the lunch for which we had been longing during the last two hours' sail up "the rapid, rippling river, that goes on and on forever."

"How long have you lived here, madame?" we inquired, after the fresh bread and milk and the nicely boiled salmon had made us amiable and talkative.

"Three years, madame."

"And you have been happy here?"

You should have seen the light that flashed out from her small grey eyes, and went glittering over her brown face and driving out the wrinkles.

"I never knew, before I came here, what *to be happy meant,*" she said, softly.

Then we sat down on a moss-cushioned log, where the water from a mountain spring went chattering to the river, and while her deft fingers fashioned a *boutonniere* of pansies and rosebuds from her own little garden a dozen steps away, we were dreaming out her history—or trying to.

She was such a bright, cheery little woman, forty years old, perhaps—perhaps older; and her voice was like a brook's when she looked up at last from her finished bouquet and said merrily—speaking in French (her mother tongue):

"You are *wondering* about me, madame. I see it in your eyes."

"Ah? And you'll be gracious?"

"*Oui,* madame. You hear that axe over there in the mountains? That is my husband's axe; we have not any children—which is all the trouble I have—and we have this little ranch and the little home, with plenty of love and hope. That is all."

"Of the present, perhaps; but what of the past?"

She shook her head soberly, looking "over the hills and far away;" then:

"You *really* want to know?" she asked. And, without waiting for a reply, she was back in *la belle* France, and for half an afternoon was living her old life over.

And *such* a romance! Whole columns could be woven of its many-tinted threads; and her impassioned, soulful voice and gesture made a living drama of the whole. But it must be compassed closely here. We give the outlines only; the filling-up must be done by you.

She was the youngest of fifteen children born of a French mother and German father, and the pet and pride of all.

At fifteen, her convent education "finished," she had wedded with one of the Polish nobility, loving far better, so she said, her white silk dress, her orange blossoms and her twelve bridemaids than the man chosen by her parents to be her life-long friend and protector. Him she had not loved at all; and so her heart was not hurt much when, six months after her bridal, he said to her:

"You cannot expect me to care for you. You were not pretty; but I was in need of money and you brought me much. Don't be silly or I shall hate you."

He had gambled constantly, lost heavily, was given to wine and women; and when, years afterward, he had been executed by command of the Russian government for conspiracy against its peace, she had shed few tears for him.

But she was young yet, and poor, for their property had been confiscated, and besides all that, she had been tried for a spy, condemned to be lashed and exiled, and the sun of her peaceful days—if ever they had been peaceful—seemed gone down at noonday, and life was night before her.

Friends aided in her escape.

For two years she found shelter in a convent, and in Sister's garb went everywhere among the sick, the dying and the dead, blessing and being blessed, but wearing away her bloom, her strength, her life, and ageing before her time.

Later on, she had been traced to the convent, had been again arrested, and had again escaped—this time to "The land of the free and the home of the brave"—and Hope was whispering in her heart again, and her life was budding to blossom anew.

Then followed years of service, first as governess, then as nurse, till her health was wholly gone and the voice of Hope grown silent.

It was the old story—elegant dresses, laces and jewels going for almost nothing into the pawnbrokers' hands, and in a bare little room somebody trying to keep life, in the heart and on the lips, by the pitiful sale of them. Somebody, too, born to the purple and worthy to wear it always.

Then *he* had come to her.

"I have not much to offer you," he had said; "but I am strong to work, and *I love you.* Will you be my wife?"

His hands were hard from toil; his dress was coarse, his manner destitute of polish, and he was very, *very* poor. But he was strong and honest, and he loved her.

"Never mind if you are sick," he had said in answer to the only objection she had urged. "*I* am well, and I will work for you."

So she had laid her hand in his.

It was a little hand, and it was soft and white and jeweled. His was so big and brown and horny! but its palms were clean as a babe's. They had held no money not honorably earned—they would hold hers less *purely,* always.

Ah, nobody knew, *better* than she, how very much *that* was!

And so they were married.

If, in that hour, her heart went back, hungrily, to the splendor of her first bridal, we shall never know. If it went forward, doubtingly, only God can tell. But rest was to be hers, and she had not known rest for many and many a year.

And there they were, three years later, on the little mountain ranch, bright and happy in their poverty and toil as the birds that knew and loved them.

"It is just what my life most needed after the long, long storm," she said; "this perfect quiet, and the labor that will not let it become tiresome. O, madame! I do not envy you your world. I have had too much of it. Here I am, *content.*"

Just then *he* came whistling, around the mountain's base, his straw hat on the back of his head; his axe across his shoulder, and in his hand a bunch of wild flowers from the small valley where his cattle grazed and slept the whole year round, needing only the Father's care.

How glad her eyes grew at sight of him!

And he? He was not used to strangers, and he was in rough, soiled garments; but we never so fully realized that

"A man's a man for a' that,"

as, when looking into his honest, happy eyes, and from them to the happy woman who was present to make his humble home his paradise.

And to-night, the memory of that afternoon among the hills so far removed from earth's vain pomp and glory, is like the sound of music in the night; like a star-flash through the dark; like gentle fingers upon the fever-pulse of life; like a dream of home to the wanderer; like a glimpse of the Promised Land from some Nebo of unrest.

What a picture, and what a revelation!

Willis wrote:

"Your love in a cottage is hungry!" and perhaps he knew; but he forgot to tell us what hate in a palace is.

Perhaps he thought no such ill could be, his own life was so full of sweetness and splendor combined.

The dear God who knows us all—rich and poor, happy and sorrowful, pure and sinful, give to us all this Saturday night the balm of His forgiveness, and the beauty of His peace.

THE SEA.

Off there, shimmering in the sun, lies the great wide, blue, vague, uncertain sea—the sea which everybody has tried to describe, and failed. It allures by its mystery, and repels by its treachery; and it moans all the time as if in pain at the world's distrust. To go and spend a few weeks beside it is to breathe in new life. How can one remember the petty worries of the day in sight of this great ocean that sweeps round the world, and could swallow up whole nations and never mark their tomb by a single extra ripple upon its surface? It is so vast, and you are such an atom, that you dare not affront it with your small personal cares and repinings. With your first salt bath you bury them all in its waves, and, for the time, you are a new man, and free. This cannot last. No—nor can the slumber that refreshes you, or the dinner that must be eaten afresh every day. But sleep and dinner are necessaries of life, and the demand of the human being for change is almost as imperative as for food and sleep. If you cannot leave your home for the season, get off, if only for a few hours, where all is new—where the salt air fills you with exhilaration, and the waves invite you to their embrace. There are plenty of such retreats for a day near most of our large cities. Seek them for such brief relaxation, if no more; but, if you can, go for a few weeks to the seaside, and see the morning sunrise and the red sunset, and the waxing and waning of the summer moon.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

That was a timely and a beautiful thought expressed by a clergyman at the grave of a lovely little child of four summers, from the garden of whose parents, as they all went through to the churchyard, he had plucked a little "Forget-me-not." When the little coffin was lowered into the grave, the clergyman, holding up the sweet flower in his hand, said:

"I hold in my hand a beautiful flower, which I plucked from the garden we have just left. By taking it from its present home, it has withered; but I here plant it at the head of this grave. It has been plucked from its native garden, and has wilted; but it is now transplanted into the garden of immortality, where it shall revive and flourish in immortal glory and beauty."

MISTAKES.—To set up our standard of right or wrong, and judge people accordingly. To measure the enjoyment of others by our own. To expect uniformity of opinion in this world. To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike. Not to yield to immaterial trifles. To look for perfection in our own actions. To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied. Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others. To consider everything impossible which we cannot perform.

MRS MARY E. HAIL.

In our late prospectus we inadvertently omitted the name of this lady from our list of Contributors. Mrs. Hall has already achieved a wide reputation as the author of many very pleasing and popular poems, and her fame as a song-writer is steadily on the increase.

Personal Items.

MISS KATE FIELDS has arrived in England.

MRS. IDA GREELEY SMITH and her husband are visiting friends in Cheshire, England.

IT is said that Donaldson, the æronaut, received $20,000 a season for his balloon ascensions.

JEFF. DAVIS is writing a history of the civil war. His narrative ought to be interesting.

JOHN FORSTER is engaged upon a "Life of Swift." He is also editing a new series of his works.

THE Empress Eugenie has gone to Switzerland, and the Prince Imperial is in the camp at Aldershott.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN celebrated her fifty-ninth birthday at Newport on July 23d. Her health continues to be very poor.

COLONEL G. D. HARRINGTON has been appointed as the official representative of the Census Bureau at the Centennial Exhibition.

SENATOR SCHURZ will return home in October. He is now in Berlin collecting some material to be used in his political history of the United States.

IT is rumored in London that the Marquis of Lorne or the Earl of Roseberry will be sent to the Centennial Celebration by the British Government.

FANNY DAVENPORT was recently called "darling" instead of "dashing," by a San Francisco editor, who immediately apologized. She still lives.

DR. HENRY DRAPER is to be presented with a gold medal, as a token of regard for his services in preparing for the observations of the transit of Venus.

UP to the 31st of last December, John B. Gough had delivered 7,200 lectures, and had traveled in his work as temperance orator and lecturer over 402,000 miles.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, now in Memphis, declines to accept the Presidency of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, since he feels that he has not the ability to fill it.

MGR. CAPEL has received into the Catholic Church Lady Flora Hastings, the elder of the two daughters of the late Countess of Loudoun, and cousin of the Marquis of Bute.

IT is reported that a marriage has been arranged between the youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Louis, of Battenberg, now a sub-lieutenant in the Royal navy, and not yet 21.

THE richest of the landholders of Scotland is the Duke of Sutherland, whose "broad acres" aggregate 1,326,333, or more than 2,092 square miles, yielding annually somewhat above a quarter of a million of dollars.

REV. CELIA BURLEIGH, widow of William Burleigh, Esq., a well-known advocate of woman suffrage and pastor of a Unitarian church in Brooklyn, Connecticut, died in Syracuse, N. Y., yesterday aged 48 years. She was a woman of much ability and fine culture.

Centennial Items.

IT is stated that a company of four hundred Egyptians will erect a row of buildings on the Centennial grounds in imitation of a street in Cairo.

INFORMATION has been received to the effect that the Post of the Grand Army of the Republic at Portsmouth, N. H., intends to come to the Exhibition in a yacht, and will remain here some time during the Exhibition.

THE English Commissioners to the Centennial Exhibition have broken the ground for their official buildings, four in number, at Fairmount Park. England is the first nation to commence building operations on the Centennial grounds.

A CENTENNIAL organization has been effected by the ladies of Indiana, with Mrs. Senator Morton as president. A monster tea party in the interest of Indiana education at the Centennial Exposition is contemplated, to be held in all the larger cities and towns throughout the State.

THE *Monitieur* and the *Monde Illustre,* of Paris, have selected M. Albert Grignard to act as their correspondent during the Centennial Exposition. The correspondent of the Stockholm *Aftonbladt* is Dr. H. A. M. Lindehn. The Vienna *Frie Presse* has also a representative in this city.

THE following quantities of materials will be used in the Main Exhibition Building, by Mr. Dobbins, in its construction: 6,600,000 pounds of wrought iron; 7,000,000 feet of lumber; 1,100,000 square feet of tin roofing; 250,000 square feet of glass; 450,000 bricks; two miles and a half of water pipe. Two miles and a half of drain and sewer pipe.

GERMANY promises to be handsomely represented at the Centennial Exhibition. The official list, which has just been closed, shows eight hundred exhibitors in the art department alone. The extensive factories along the Rhine, and in Westphalia and Saxony, will send us their best products. So great an interest have our German friends taken in this matter that an Imperial commission has asked for more room than was at first accorded.

EXCURSION FROM ITALY TO THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—Arrangements have been made under the general agency of Colonel A. Peletti, for an excursion from Genoa to the Centennial Exhibition, of 150 Italians, comprising artists, merchants, scientific men, landed proprietors, engineers, etc. A steamer has been secured from the Anchor line, and will leave Genoa on the 1st of June, and remain in this country about a month. The cost to each member of the party is not to be over 3000 francs.

PROFESSOR BAIRD proposes to make the Government and Smithsonian Institute portion of the Centennial Exhibition a monster side show, of great interest to naturalist, sportsmen and all admirers of life as seen both above and below water. He wishes five thousand square feet of space for the exhibition of fish, fishing appliances, and the exposition of breeding and mode of catching the finny tribe. There will be exhibited six hundred plaster casts of fishes, in imitation of the grade, size and description of each variety. Five thousand additional square feet of space will be asked for the exhibition of animal products. There will be stuffed specimens of every known animal in America. In addition, there will be leather made from the hides of each of these animals.

THE SEA-ELVES AND MERMAIDS.

BY F. S. MILLS.

Pretty little golden-haired Margretta lived on the sea-shore, in an old castle standing high up on a rock, and knew nothing of the world, or ever dreamt that she was lovely, and so good that all Fairy-land was talking about it. But one day came a grasshopper, wearing Queen Lilla's livery, post-haste from Fairyland, and blew his little trumpet shrilly before the castle-gate; for in the third day from that (which was Margretta's birthday), the Queen was coming with all her fairy court to keep her birthday, and with her was coming a Fairy Prince who loved Margretta and wished to make her his Queen.

But the wicked sea-elves on hearing this were very crazy and jealous; and, said the mermaids, "Who is this languishing Margretta, with her blue eyes and yellow hair, that the Fairy Queen should keep her birthday? She knows nothing; she cannot tell a falsehood, she has not even a tail, and as for a Queen, we could make a better one out of sea-weed."

And all the mermaids and sea-elves, and evil minded spirits of the fog and mist, put their heads together, and whispered and vowed that Margretta should never marry the Fairy Prince.

So, as Margretta sat spinning at her golden wheel, the sea-gulls began to fly around and around the castle, screaming hoarsely:

"In the right tower of the castle is an oaken chest! In the right tower of the castle is an oaken chest!"

"So there is," said Margretta, stopping her spinning; "but I wonder what of it?"

"Margretta spins all day," cried the sea-gulls; "never thinks to look in it, though it is under her very nose."

"And why should I look in it?" quoth the simple Margretta.

"And yet it is so easy," chattered the gulls. "She has only to lay a sprig of ivy on the lid after twelve o'clock to-night, and the chest will open of itself."

"What is in it?" asked Margretta, but the sea-gulls flew away screaming at that, without making her any answer. All that day the child could hardly spin, so busy was she in wondering what could be in the chest; and when her nurse brought her her dinner, "What is in the old oaken chest, that stands in the right-hand tower of the castle?" asked Margretta.

"Dear help us! how should I know?" cried the dame. "It has stood there these hundred years; the key is lost, and it can only be opened by a spell."

"What is the spell?" said Margretta.

"Dear heart! what has put the oaken chest into your silly little head?" answered her nurse, getting vexed. "You had better come and eat your dinner; and if you must think, think about the Fairy Prince whom Queen Lilla will bring with her."

Margretta ate her dinner, and spun till nightfall. Then she put away her wheel, and asked the nurse once more about the oaken chest.

"Go to bed, child," cried the dame, now really cross. "I know nothing about your oaken chests and right-hand towers."

Margretta went to bed; but she only shut one eye, and kept the other open, which is a very hard thing to do when you are asleep, but she had learned how of an old owl who lived close by; and when the clock struck twelve, she opened both eyes wide, and getting up, plucked a sprig of ivy from the castle wall, and laid it on the chest. In a flash, up flew the lid, and there came out the ugliest sea-elf that she had ever seen.

"Thanks," said the creature, quivering; "I have been shut up here so long, that I was getting tired."

At this, Margretta tried to run away, but she was so frightened that she could not stir; and the elf, plucking out his long, coarse hair, tied her hands fast, and drove her down to the seashore. There he took from her her necklace of pearl, and her gray dress; and as soon as he had on these, his coarse hair grew fine and golden, his wicked eyes soft and blue; in short, he had changed into Margretta's double, so that, looking at him, she saw herself, as if looking in the glass; but he could not get away from her her little red slippers, because they had been given her by the Fairy Queen. So his ugly, wide, webbed feet remained the same as before; but as her long gown hid them, that did not so much matter. Then he gave Margretta a great push and down she went to the very bottom of the sea.

Once there, all the mermaids came swimming about her, to sneer at her.

"Is that the beauty," they cried, "whom the Fairy Prince is to marry?—a thing with no shape. Why, she has feet, and no manner! See how she hangs her head!—a poor simple fool, too, to be cheated by a flock of chattering gulls!"

At which they all laughed, and swam away, tossing up their pretty heads to show their disdain, though Margretta was almost sorry to have them go, for she was afraid of the great black whale whom they had made her gaoler. Her prison was a little coral bower, with sea-weed trailing all down about the sides, and a floor of shells; a pretty place, but a little damp; and it was unpleasant, besides, to have all the fish swimming to stare at her out of their great glassy eyes, and then swim away again. There was no getting out, however, with that great whale lying right across the door. And she began to sing; and she sang so sweetly, that all the fish came to the grotto to listen; and the mermaids were fit to die of spite, while the sea-elves began to be sorry that they had played her such a cruel trick; and it happened that the Witch of the Sea, who was passing that way, heard her also, and came to see who it was.

"You can't come in here," said the whale.

"Nonsense," answered the Witch, giving him a touch with her wand that made him roll over in a hurry. She was a very frightful old woman, as thin as a match, with a complexion like a toad, green eyes, a wide mouth, and skinny hands that were always clutching.

"Become a fish," said she to Margretta, as she touched her with her wand of power. "Swim to the shore, and as you touch it, take your natural shape again."

And, in a moment, Margretta's arms were fins, and she had a speckled back and glassy eyes, and swam out of the grotto past the whale, who came after her, blowing and foaming, opening his great mouth to eat her up; but Margretta swam so fast that he could not catch her, though all the mermaids were screaming, "Swallow her, eat her, make mince-meat of her!"

And getting to the shore, the moment that she touched it, she became herself, beautiful as before.

Then she remembered that by this time the Fairy Queen and her Court must be at the castle, and ran home at the top of her speed; but, in the mean-time, the wicked elf whom she had let out of the oaken chest had gone back to the castle in the shape of Margretta; and he boxed the servants' ears, and scolded the nurse, till they all thought her bewitched. When the Fairy Queen came, he would not kiss her, knowing that the touch of her lips would dissolve the charm, and force him to take his old shape again. When he was asked to sing, he began screeching in such an unearthly voice, that every one stopped their ears. He would not sit quietly at table, or dance with the Prince. The Fairy Queen was puzzled, and the Fairy Prince angry.

"Is this the miracle of goodness and beauty?" he cried. "She has golden hair, and blue eyes, but she looks out of them like a fiend; she shall be no Queen of mine."

Just then came Margretta running in at the gate, and everybody stared at seeing two Margrettas so exactly alike, that one could not be told from the other.

"Turn her out!" cried the elf; "this is an impostor!"

But Margretta cried out to the Fairy Queen, "Dear godmother, don't you know me? This wicked elf wears my gown and pearls indeed, but here are the slippers you gave me."

She put out her foot with the little red slippers.

"Let the other Margretta show her feet," cried everybody; and lo! they were wide, and ugly, and webbed.

"Then," said the Fairy Prince, taking the true Margretta by the hand, "This shall be my Queen," while the Fairy Queen laid a second spell on the wicked sea-elf, and shut him up once more in the oaken chest, where he has stayed ever since, without ever once getting out.

Entirely as You View It.

"How unutterably odious!" muttered an elegant Italian Greyhound, as he stopped for a second on his way through the yard to look at a huge Sow wallowing in the mire, with her litter of little ones. "Poor, miserable creature—*so hideous!* Surely that alone would render life intolerable; but to be forever in this poisonous atmosphere, and condemned to swallow that hateful *wash*. Oh, I *am* sorry for the brute!" and he passed on quickly, disgust strongly expressed in his looks.

"Mammy," squeaked a little Pig that had climbed up the old sow's back to get a good sight of him, "who is that gentleman? How thin he is, and he looked so sick. Who is he?"

The old Sow opened her red eyes as wide as she could, and squinted at the Greyhound as he vanished in the distance; then, shutting them again, answered:

"It's the Greyhound, children. Poor fellow! he is thin, indeed. No wonder; for, instead of leading a life of luxury such as ours—lying asleep in this nice soft mess all day, with nothing to do but to feast on our wash and rotten potatoes, unless we like to go and scratch ourselves on the stone, he has to scour the country from morning till night, and gets very little to eat for his labor, judging by his lanky body. No wonder he looked sick. I dare say he was envying us, and longing for some wash. I'm sorry for him, but we can't *all be pigs!*"

Second Thoughts are Best.

"Anything is better than this!" exclaimed a Thrush, after having vainly battered about a frozen snail, which she at last gave up in despair.

"Anything is better than *this!*" chirped a Robin in a melancholy tone, as he saw the last crumb picked up by a sparrow before he could hop to it, and knew his breakfast was gone.

"*Anything* is better than this," murmured a Blackbird, perched on a leafless branch, with his feathers puffed out to twice their usual size. "Why doesn't Master John come and shoot us with his gun? That sharp, short death would be easy compared with this lingering misery!"

"Poor, dear creatures!" cried the black Cat, who had been watching them and listening behind a snow-drift. "You are all quite right. Take my advice and bear it no longer; and, as Master John doesn't seem to be coming, let me, in a friendly way, put you out of your troubles!"

Away they all flew, at the very sight of her ears above the drift, without waiting to hear her offer.

"I knew how it would be!" she cried, more provoked than surprised. "Though they are silly enough to talk nonsense, they are wise enough to know better than abide by their words."

TROUBLE FOR NOTHING.—"Shine out, mamma; don't you see how they twinkle at us?" said a young Glowworm to her mother.

"The stars, do you mean, my dear?" asked the mother.

"Yes, if you call them stars; they are staring at us finely," said the daughter.

"Bless your little heart," said her mother; "do you think they can see us?"

"Why not? We can see them," replied the daughter.

"Because, my dear, their light is strong enough to travel to us, but ours is too feeble to be seen many yards from the earth. We might shine our hearts out, and the stars would never know we were in existence."

HOW TO WORK.—"Sukey, you've got an easy life of it," grumbled the Pot to the Kettle; "sitting there like a lady all day long, with nothing to do but boil a little water and sing a pretty song."

"I do what is given to me to do, and do it cheerfully," said Sukey. "One can but be employed, and you, when you are sputtering over your pudding or potatoes, and the Fryingpan, when he is spitting with his cakes, are on no harder service, really, than I am; but everything depends on the way you take work. I sing over mine!"

LITTLE EFFIE.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Little Effie with golden hair,
Eyes eclipsing the violet's blue,
Lips like rubies, that always wear
A smile, of brighter, and richer hue.

Little Effie, with childish glee
Chasing the fleeting hours away,
Radiant, beautiful, fancy free:
Dancing merrily all the day.

Gathering sunshine where it lies
Deep, in the lily's cup of gold,
Angels whisper from out the skies,
"Purer than lily—a thousand fold."

Little Effie, at close of day,
Bows at the bedside her golden head,
Near the innocent prattler pray,
"Bless me, before I go to bed."

Oh, that the weary—o'erworn with care,
Walking life's journey with tired feet,
Would learn from Effie, to turn in prayer
To Heaven, for a benediction sweet.

THROUGH FORBIDDEN PATHS.

By CLIO STANLEY.

Author of "Faithful Margaret," "Shadows of a Ghost," "And Then," Etc., Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 52, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIX.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

"*Make me your wife to-morrow!*"

Yes, those were the very words she had said, and Guy Hawthorne's heart leaped in his breast as he remembered, and said them over to himself the next morning.

His arms had been around her, and her beautiful dark face had lingered against his shoulder, and he had stolen numberless kisses from her willing lips in the short half hour that intervened between her daring speech and Phyllis' return; and his brow flushed and his heart beat faster as he realized that if he said "yes" to her proposal, he would have the right to hold her there forever—that thereafter no one could come between them.

He could never again be jealous of her either, as he had been sometimes tempted to be, for she would be his very own—his wife, as much as the dead Bertha whom he had laid away in the grave and was fast forgetting.

Was there anything to hinder the immediate consummation of his desires? Any reason why his passion should longer be held in check?

There was simply the recollection of Phyllis' fair sweet face, and her soft, beseeching eyes, and the knowledge, which was becoming more and more certain every day, that she and Felicie would never be friends; but he had long ago recognized that fact and shut his heart against his daughter.

Guy Hawthorne was a selfish man, and would ruthlessly push aside any obstacle which was in the way of his own personal gratification.

That morning Felicie did not come down to breakfast. Phyllis said she was still asleep when she knocked at her door, but about twelve o'clock she came into the little parlor where Guy Hawthorne sat reading his papers, looking more radiant than ever.

She had on a dress in which he had never seen her before—some soft, silken fabric, in the loveliest shade of gray, trimmed with folds of satin of the same exquisite shade, lace collar and sleeves, and a string of milk-white pearls, which he had given her on her birthday the week before, around her beautiful neck.

She came and stood before him with a smile on her lips.

"My darling!" he murmured, passionately; "you are as fair as an angel; but I am glad that you are but mortal, that I may make you mine!"

She stooped and put one bare, white arm about his neck and put up her mouth for a kiss.

The kiss which she gave in return thrilled him through and through.

It was like red wine on his lips—one taste was temptation to taste again and again; and when at last he let her go, he whispered in her rosy ear:

"Come with me, now, Felicie! You shall be my wife, to-day!"

"But Phyllis?" she said, with a swift, searching glance at his eager face.

"Phyllis need not know, at present," he said. "We can choose our own time for publishing our marriage to the world, Felicie! Put on your bonnet and come with me."

With another smile and a farewell caress, she obeyed him.

Five minutes later she came down, prepared for a walk, a heavy cloak wrapped over the showy dress, and a veil drawn close across her face.

"So you hide your bright beauty from the world of idle gazers, Felicie, to give it all to—your husband."

"I wonder if you will forget to flatter when you are my husband, Guy?"

"'Tis not flattery, my precious one," he answered, pushing back the veil to take a lover's last kiss. "It is sober earnest, and I don't believe you will ever let me forget!"

They went out together, entered a carriage which was waiting, and drove to the house of a priest who had been years ago a friend of Felicie's father; and in the short space of half an hour, they left the little, lonely chapel, where only a half dozen people were worshiping, and perhaps a dozen spectators stood idly looking on.

A tall man, wrapped in a long cloak of dark blue cloth, had been loitering near their hotel for more than an hour that morning, and was just turning impatiently away, when Guy Hawthorne came down the steps with Felicie on his arm, and entered the carriage.

His eyes were sharp, and his keen sight pierced at once through the intended disguise—for the cloak and veil both belonged to Phyllis—and as quickly as they were whirled away, he had managed to secure a carriage and was soon following rapidly.

When their carriage stopped before the little French chapel, he alighted, and, unobserved, entered also. They passed up the aisle and stood before the altar; he lingered in the shadows in one of the farthest corners, and listened to the short ceremony, gnawing his under lip, and twisting his long moustache.

Outwardly, he was calm—his passions were well under control—but a fire of hate and a mad longing for revenge were burning in his heart.

"Gar!" he hissed, between his teeth; "what a fool am I to have trust in a woman! They are all—all—ev-e-ry one—deceivers! But I shall take my revenge when I whisper in her ear my little joke. I have kept it so long, I keep it now a little longer; but on the day I tell it, that pretty little liar will come home with me! Not my wife—O, no! but as good a thing as she is now. Gar! I care not what she is, so as I have her once in my power! She shall squirm—the little spotted snake—but she shall not get loose."

And crushing his hat down over his wicked eyes and drawing up his cloak, he followed the unconscious couple out as he had followed them in.

Twice, Felicie glanced fearfully about her, but Gustave Feder loitered behind, and she caught no glimpse of the enemy she both hated and feared.

They were driven rapidly home, and before Phyllis came in from her walk—a walk in which Polly had accompanied her—Felicie had changed her gala dress for one she had worn a dozen times, and seated herself with a bit of fancy work at one of the front windows of their common parlor.

Out of this parlor opened Mr. Hawthorne's bedroom, while the two allotted to Phyllis and Felicie were on the opposite side of the short hall.

Phyllis had come back tired—not so much from her long walk, for she had really enjoyed that—but because she had again been disappointed in getting no letter from Darley; and, worse even than her thrice-repeated disappointment, this fact stared her in the face, that among the four or five dainty epistles which had lain by Felicie's plate at breakfast, was one in a large, square envelope, thick and creamy white, and directed to Felicie Montcontour, in Darley's own well-known hand-writing.

Poor child! poor, patient little Phyllis! if she could only have guessed that at that very moment in Felicie's rosewood writing-desk, lay three of the same square envelopes, directed to herself, and four which she had written to him—if only she could have guessed it, what a load of trouble would have been lifted from her faithful heart; how many sorrowful hours in that future, which was already darkening about her she would have been spared had she but known the truth!

The sight of Felicie, calmly seated by the window, and smiling her old insincere smile, only aggravated her sorrow; she turned hastily away to seek the shelter of her own room, followed closely by the faithful Polly, whose round face wore an expression of the deepest trouble at the visible grief of her young mistress.

In a dozen silent ways she tried to show her loving sympathy; she hovered about her, undoing her shawl, smoothing her hair, and bringing her dainty little house-slippers, and then kneeling before her to put them on; she was amply repaid when Phyllis, stooping suddenly, kissed the brown freckled forehead, and said in soft tones:

"You are so good, Polly; I don't know what I should ever have done without you."

Phyllis no longer tried to be cordial in her manner toward Felicie, for she met with daily rebuffs; and Felicie, once jealous of her influence with her father, no longer feared her, now that she held the winning card, and was constantly doing little tantalizing things in return for Phyllis' mute, proud defiance.

It was a week after their wedding, when Guy Hawthorne and his wife were sitting together in the parlor, that Phyllis rushed into the room, eyes and cheeks ablaze, and stood before her father.

"What is it that ails Polly?" she said, sharply. "She says Felicie is going away, and is to take her."

"So we have decided, my dear. You will have an opportunity to visit some of your old school friends, and will not need a maid; and as it is difficult to suit herself on such short notice, Felicie has concluded to make Polly answer."

"Make Polly answer! Indeed, papa, she will do no such thing. Polly is my maid, and I shall not let her go. I have allowed her to wait on Felicie whenever she needed her services, but this is too much!"

"Remember to whom you are speaking, my child."

"I do remember, papa, and I will try to curb my tongue, but you must not ask this of me. Why is it, papa," she continued, suddenly, "that my comfort is such a minor consideration with you? It wasn't so in the old times, when we were so happy, papa, before any stranger came among us. How changed everything is now."

She sighed.

"Poor Phyllis!" cried Felicie, mockingly; "how much she is to be pitied! With the best and kindest of fathers, a pleasant home, and nothing to do, she yet fails to be contented. You should have the hard places I have had to go through sometimes, and you would learn to be grateful. But never mind about Polly, Guy; I dare say I can get along without a maid."

Before her father could reply, Phyllis, who had been watching Felicie with angry amazement, broke out in passionate disdain:

"It seems to me you are forgetting your place in this house, when you call your guardian by his given name. I presume that is a French custom, though."

"French and English alike, I should say," said Felicie, laughing good-naturedly. "Pray, Phyllis, shall I have to obtain your permission before I dare call my husband by his first name?"

"I have nothing to do with your husband, my dear Miss Montcontour," returned Phyllis, in as indifferent a tone as she could assume. "It seems to me, though," she continued, so thoroughly angry that she did not pause to consider what she was saying, "that your future husband, if he is the person you have been waiting for since we reached Paris, is rather dilatory in coming to claim you. I should advise that you go in search of him, if he is not altogether a mythical personage."

"You hear her, Guy!" cried Felicie, starting to her feet. "Am I to bear this?"

"Phyllis," said her father, rising also, and putting his arm around Felicie's waist, "once for all I command you never to use such language again. Felicie is my wife, and as such you must treat her with due respect, if you wish to have a home with us!"

"That woman your wife!" said Phyllis, after a moment's bitter silence, in which she tried to silence the tumult of her thoughts. "I see it all clearly now! Her insults to my mother—her hatred of that loving, gentle nature; her guilty love for you, while your wife was living"—she paused a moment to take breath—"her conspiracy with that wicked cousin of hers to hurry my own dear mother out of the world! I see it all! I wasn't crazy when I awoke that dreadful night and saw Gustave Feder's face in the glass! No, I was as sane as I am this moment, and, if God helps me, I will yet bring that horrible crime home to her door and his!"

A few great tears had welled up in Phyllis' eyes, but they did not fall. It seemed to her as if they had been scorched up by her hot anger.

"Not a word more," her father said, his eyes resting on her face for the space perhaps of a single moment. "From this moment you are no daughter of mine! But if you do or say aught to injure her fair name, I will have you put in an insane asylum. Now go!"

Without a word or sign of entreaty Phyllis Hawthorne turned and left her father's presence. Under those eyes that were eagerly watching for some motion of weakness she could not stoop to plead.

She felt that it would be worse than useless. If her father had actually made Felicie his wife, she could not stay with them.

She would go out into the world, as other poor, friendless girls had done, and earn her own living. Surely there was something she could do to keep actual want from her door.

She tried to hide her emotion before her faithful servant, but the endeavor was vain.

Polly had not studied her young mistress' sweet face so long, not to know when anything was troubling her.

As soon as she came into her own room Polly sprang up and locked the door; then running over to the chair where Phyllis was sitting, with her face bowed in her hands, she said, piteously:

"Oh, Miss Phyllis! dear Miss Phyllis! it do make my heart ache to see you suffer! Tell me, now, dear mistress, and see if I can't think of a way to comfort you!"

"You cannot comfort me, nor can any one else. My own father has disowned me!"

CHAPTER XX.

FAITHFUL POLLY.

"Disowned you, Miss Phyllis! And what does that mean?" cried Polly, with round, bewildered eyes.

"It means that he has cast me out of his heart, Polly, and will cast me out of his house. It means that I have no longer a father!" sobbed Phyllis, letting her head fall on Polly's shoulder.

"Well, I'm dazed!" said Polly, half under her breath; "only to think of it now!"

"No mother and no father!" sobbed Phyllis, her breath coming and going in little passionate gusts over the trembling lips.

"Ah, Miss Phyllis!" broke in Polly, her eyes brightening as she spoke, "did you forget the good lesson you taught me from your own sweet lips? Many's the time you've told me of the kind father up above—the one who pities his children when he hears them cry! Ah, Miss Phyllis, if you're in trouble you've got Him to look to!"

"May He bless you for reminding me of what I was in danger of forgetting, child," said Phyllis, hushing her sobs and wiping away the tears that were running down her cheeks. "And now, Polly, you must help me to pack my trunks; it is the last work you can do for me." Forcing a sad smile to her face.

"Last I can do for you, dear mistress! Then that's the sorriest thing I've heard this many a long day. But you didn't mean it, Miss Phyllis? You was only tryin' me?"

"No, Polly, I am in earnest. Don't you see that my position in life is changed from this hour. I am no longer Miss Hawthorne with a purse of gold in my hand, but I'm poor Phyllis, forced perhaps to be maid myself to some rich lady. I'm down in the world now, Polly, but I won't drag you with me. Papa will let you wait on his new wife, and give you liberal wages, too. I will make it my last request."

"Your papa's new wife, Miss Phyllis! I don't think I understand."

"Papa has married Miss Montcontour; and she wanted you to wait on her, you know, Polly."

"Her!" said Polly, throwing back her head, and putting on a look of defiance. "She's a snake in the grass, I'll be bound, and not a foot would I stir for the savin' of her! No, Miss Phyllis! I'm poor and ignorant, but for what you've taught me; I'm far too humble to be a friend, but I'll be your servant still. Your loving, obedient servant, Miss Phyllis!"

Phyllis tried to laugh though the tears stood in her eyes.

"That will never do, Polly. I cannot permit it. If you will not stay here, you can easily get some other place, but you mustn't stay and starve with me!"

"Stay and starve! It's not Polly Kindig that will starve while she has kind looks and words to feed her heart on! It's little it takes to feed my body, Miss Phyllis, and I'll get that some way! So don't you say no more about me leavin' you."

"Polly, Polly! Do you mean what you say? That you are willing to leave a good home to find a poor one with me?"

"It's you that made the goodness of it since your poor mother's gone; and it won't be poorer one place than another, if I'm let stay with you!"

"You shall stay then, Polly; but not as a servant. You are my friend henceforth, since I have none other."

Polly stood still, the light of a great joy illuminating the plain little face.

At last Phyllis, wondering at her long silence, looked up.

"And isn't it good news to be called friend by a dear lady like you?" her voice quivering sadly. "And it's a true one I'll be to you, Miss Phyllis. I'll lay down my life to serve you, any day! That's what I will!"

"I hope," said Phyllis, sadly, "not to demand any such sacrifice. We will be brave women, my little Polly, and go out into the world together, resolving to do whatsoever our hands find to do, that is honest work; and I can't believe that we shall starve."

"Never think it!" said Polly, bustling about the room as if she were making up for lost time. "There'll something come when we want it, I reckon; and if it don't come, I can hunt for it."

"You are wiser than I, but I shall get wisdom one of these days," said Phyllis, smiling. "It will more than make up for the loss of other things. Now, Polly," she added in a lower tone, pulling one of her large trunks out from the wall and lifting the lid, "you shall help me until tea-time. Fold all those dresses and I will put them in this trunk. Give me that box of jewelry first, though, to put in the bottom. These things may be bread to us some day. It will not do to leave them behind."

While Polly and her mistress were folding and packing, making hasty preparations to leave the hotel that night or early in the morning, Guy Hawthorne was walking nervously up and down his parlor, regretting when it was too late the hasty words he had spoken.

"Felicie," he said at last, with such a serious face that she began to be alarmed for the success of her plan; "Felicie, do you think I was too hasty?"

Evidently he hoped she would say "yes."

"In what respect, dear Guy?" she asked, lifting her dark eyes lovingly to his. "Your daughter or your wife would have to go! Are you sorry I didn't offer to go? It is not too late yet!"

"Felicie, darling, you know I could never mean that! But perhaps matters might have been smoothed over if I had been more gentle."

"They could never have been smooth between us, Guy! You heard what she said of me; and, true or not, I will never forgive her for daring to say it to my face!"

"Of course not," he began, hastily. "Unless, Felicie, she would consent to apologize for her hasty language. If you could live in peace, together, you two——"

"Let her go, and find out what hardship means, Guy, and when she is more humble, we may take her back. The experience will not hurt her, and, of course, I shall not lose sight of her altogether. I will see where she goes," she said, "and find some way to watch her without rousing her suspicions."

"I am afraid the trial may break her heart, pet. And, after all——"

"Nonsense!" said Felicie, gaily. "I tell you it will do her good; and as to its breaking her heart, I don't believe in such things."

Guy Hawthorne was disappointed in his wife's decision; but when he came to think the matter over, he made up his mind that she was right.

"And it won't be as if I could never recall her; now that Felicie promises to keep her in sight."

Did he comfort himself with that slender hope? If he could have read the real thought of the heart that was beating against his own, would he not have shuddered, and turned away, even then?

Even then!

Would he not have turned aside to tread again the path of virtue? Would he not, in time, have forgotten the spells of the enchantress, and learned to thank God that his eyes had been opened?

Alas! how many perchances are reckoned up in every human life!

If—we could have known all the sorrows, all the pangs, all the misery to follow one mistake, would we have made it?

Phyllis Hawthorne's nature was not heroic; and she had her share of selfishness and petulant, wayward desires to overcome; but she was brave and resolute when necessity demanded, and with Polly's help, the last trunk was fastened long before twilight, and smoothing her hair and adjusting the plain linen collar, which she had put on with her black dress, she sat down at last by the window to rest.

It was while she sat there by the window, feeling a new, strange loneliness creeping over her, that there sounded a knock on her door.

Polly looked to her mistress for instructions.

"Open the door," she said, "but let no one come in."

Polly opened the door, but stood directly in front of it.

"Can I come in?" asked Felicie, in a soft voice.

"No," Phyllis answered, shortly.

"My mistress says no," repeated Polly, inwardly delighted at the reply.

"Oh, well, it's of no consequence," was the careless answer. "I have just received a letter from one of Phyllis' old friends, and thought it my duty to let her see it, and so save her some mortification in the future, which she has no doubt already mapped out for herself."

She held out the letter, a large square one, which Phyllis recognized before it left her stepmother's hand; and as Polly took it, she turned back to the parlor where her husband was already growing impatient at her long delay.

But such work as that which had engaged Felicie's time and attention could not be completed in a moment.

Phyllis opened the letter and read it. The shock was a severe one, yet she had been in a measure prepared for it. The letter ran thus:

MISS FELICIE—*Dear Friend:*—Since you yourself allowed the title and first used it, I do not think you will blame me for using it now.

I am glad that you are enjoying your journey. I knew it must be delightful to one of your ardent temperament. You see I do not forget your enjoyment of a much simpler landscape, on the day of our memorable ride!

I wonder, dear friend, if you ever think of it, or me? I am your very faithful friend,

DARLEY G——.

That was all! But Phyllis felt as if the solid ground were slipping from under her feet.

Had she lost everything on the day she lost her father's love?

Was Darley, too, under the spell of this wicked enchantress?

Questions quickly asked, but not so quickly answered.

Poor Phyllis! Already you have need to remember the sunshine of that vanished summer day!

The long night crept away on leaden feet, and the morning sun shone in on a white, weary face.

It was early when Polly woke her young mistress, for they had decided to go quietly away before breakfast, without saying good-bye to any one.

Mr. Hawthorne had paid her wages the night before, adding fifty dollars for future faithfulness. He supposed she had made up her mind to stay with his wife, and Polly knew it.

At first she hesitated about keeping the money—it was such a large sum—but when she thought the matter over, she concluded the money was lawfully hers.

"For future faithfulness he said," she whispered to herself; "and I'll be as faithful as the daylight. Nobody shall say Polly Kindig don't know her duty, though it don't so often go along with pleasure!"

And Polly, with shining eyes, dressed her young mistress, and then brought her bonnet and shawl.

When she had put them on, Phyllis stood and looked sorrowfully in the glass a moment.

"Good-bye, Phyllis—happy Phyllis," she said, with a rush of tears; "it will be quite another Phyllis that you see hereafter!"

CHAPTER XXI.

AN UNEXPECTED REVELATION.

Over the mind of Bertha Hawthorne, struggling to free itself from the strange shadow that rested upon it, occasional strange and startling flashes of consciousness came.

Certain events of her life seemed to be entirely forgotten; but others were called to remembrance by a word, an act, or a gesture of the person with whom she was talking.

One day, while they were talking together, in the sunny little room which they now shared, Eudora put both hands to her ears as if to shut out some sound which she did not wish to hear.

It was Judith calling from below, begging her sister to come down stairs.

"There," she said, instantly, leaning forward and touching Eudora on the arm, "that is like her! That is like the girl who made me so miserable! Ah," with a quick gasp, as the thread of memory seemed about to break; "ah!—no, I know now what it was! She tried to steal away my husband's love; and then he came——"

But here she paused, bewildered.

"Who came?" Eudora asked, quietly.

"He! The man with the light hair and the light, bright eyes, that are forever haunting me! It was he who stood over me at night, and frightened me so that I could not speak, while he made me take a bitter drink from a glass he held to my lips."

"And who was the girl? Cannot you tell me the whole story? Try, and think," said Eudora, slowly.

"She was—*Felicie!* Oh!" clapping her hands to the sides of her head; "how it comes back now with a rush to my poor brain! It was Felicie—*Felicie Montcontour;* and my poor Phyllis was afraid of her, too!"

It was the first time she had mentioned her child's name; and with the recollection of that happy love which had bound them so closely together, the tears began to roll fast down her cheeks.

"Phyllis—Phyllis!" she repeated over and over, as if she could not bear to let the sweet word go.

But she looked around at length at her companion and saw her sitting, staring at her, with a face as gray as ashes, and lips that trembled, yet produced no sound.

"Have I hurt you?" she said, softly. "Ah, tell me that I haven't hurt the friend who has been kind to me!"

And then, with a vain effort to retain her consciousness, she slipped forward to the floor and fell asleep with her head resting on Eudora's knees.

For two hours they sat there, Bertha sleeping, calmly and sweetly as an infant; Eudora, with a face tense and drawn, as if she were facing a mortal agony.

Twice Judith came up, and offered to remove her burden and get her into her own bed, but Eudora refused.

"Let her sleep," she said. "It is a happy sleep, Judith, for in it her memory and consciousness are coming back to her."

And she pointed to the smile that was hovering about her mouth, like a bee before it alights on some fragrant blossom.

"No, no, Judith. Do not disturb her now. God is working a miracle again, and who knows what an hour will bring forth?"

Judith was far from being satisfied—her sister's pale face had alarmed her—but when she saw that all her pleading was of no avail, she silently acquiesced and went back to her duties.

"Oh, God, can I bear this any longer?" she groaned, unconscious in her agony that she was speaking aloud.

As Bertha Hawthorne smiled in her sleep, and murmured again: "Phyllis—Phyllis," Eudora Montcontour felt that she was calling on her daughter, a sweet, fair English girl, perhaps, pure in her nature and mourning for her mother's kisses; and *her* child—the little black-haired, rosy-cheeked baby she had lost years ago—where was she? what was she?

Could it be that this woman's words meant anything; that the wicked girl she spoke of could be hers?

The innocent babe who had slept, unconscious of an evil world, upon her knees; the tender little child who had clung about her neck with loving kisses before they took her away; *her* precious baby—her lost, loved Felicie—was it possible that she was the Felicie her friend had revealed to her.

At last Bertha Hawthorne awoke. The cloud had passed away even while she slept, and she gazed into her friend's face with eyes that saw clearly.

"How I have slept!" she exclaimed; and even her voice seemed changed. "I must have tired you."

"No." But the answer was a dreary one.

"I have tired you, but you won't acknowledge it."

"Well—a little—but it doesn't matter. Have you remembered anything, dear?"

"Yes," she replied, gravely, "I have remembered. I have been a long time in the dark, have I not?"

"Yes," faltered Eudora.

"Who brought me to this place? Was it that wicked man who tried to poison me?"

"Judith will tell you. This is her house, not mine. But I want to ask you some questions; may I?"

"Of course you may. Are we not friends? Though," she added, as if the fact had just presented itself to her mind, "I don't even know your name."

"I will tell you about myself by and by. But first, dear, you shall tell me your name."

"I thought you knew that long ago. My name is Bertha Hawthorne. Guy was my husband, and Phyllis was our only child."

"Are they not living now?"

"I think—I hope they are," she said with a heavy sigh; "and Phyllis will have grieved at my absence."

"And not your husband?"

"He must have conspired to put me here," she said, a tired look crossing her face. "Does he think I will die here, and he be free to marry my rival!"

"Who is your rival, dear Bertha?" Eudora whispered, slipping her hand into that of her friend—the friend she was going to lose, perhaps.

"Did I not tell you? She is a bright, beautiful girl, with a dark face, sparkling all over with passion—a friendless girl, whose father and mother are long dead; my husband brought her home from France with him, to give her a home with his own innocent child; but she wasn't satisfied with that—she would have *my husband for her lover!*

"Her name was Felicie Moncontour; her father was Pierre Montcontour, for many years my husband's friend."

"Then it is—it must be my child! Can you tell me how old she is?" she asked, with a faint trembling hope that there might be a mistake somewhere.

"She was—I think—eighteen years old. But what do you mean when you say she is your child?" Bertha Hawthorne asked, in amazement at her friend's assertion. "You are good and true! No, no, she cannot be your child!"

"She is the daughter of Pierre Montcontour, you say, and Pierre Montcontour was my husband! Fifteen years ago he sent my baby—my little innocent three year-old baby—away from her mother's arms, and then shut me up in a madhouse. Twelve years ago I made my escape from that dreadful prison and came home to my sister Judith. I thought my child was waiting for me somewhere—a good, innocent girl, and oh, what is she, if your story is true?"

And Eudora Montcontour hid her face in her hands and rocked back and forth, almost wild in her grief.

For an instant Bertha Hawthorne felt like shutting her heart against this poor woman, who, in the day of trouble, had proved herself her friend; but when she saw her terrible grief, she turned and clasped her in her arms, and mingled her tears with the bitter drops that fell from Eudora's eyes.

"Hush, dear! You have been my friend, and I will be yours! We will go forth together in search of the wanderers. I will win back my husband, and you shall find your daughter! Come, we will go and see your sister and find out when we can start. I do not even know where I am, you see!" she said, trying to smile.

She went as far as the door, still keeping firm hold of her friend's hand. There she paused.

"You did not tell me your name?" she said, softly.

"Eudora," was the reply. The pallid lips could scarce frame the one word. Eudora was trembling from head to foot.

"You are Judith's sister, but I am her prisoner! Will you help me to escape?"

"Let us appeal to Judith, first," said Eudora, faintly. "She has such a kind heart, and pities every one who suffers. She has been sorry for you all along!"

"Then come," said Bertha, bravely; "it will never do for us both to lose courage. Come!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NELLIE'S REPENTANCE.

"I will not, Norman!"—and Nellie Wilde brought her little foot down upon the carpet with a force that shook all her bright golden hair from under its little lace morning cap, and sent it rolling in golden shimmering waves over her shoulders.

There was a light in her blue eyes which her husband had never before seen there; and the fresh red lips which had always greeted him with smiles, were parted over the white teeth with an expression of unmistakable scorn.

"It is cruel and exacting of you, Norman, when you know how much, how very much I like Mrs. May, and how fond she is of me. It is selfish to ask me to give up the society of my best friend, just to gratify a capricious whim of yours."

And Mrs. Wilde burst into tears.

It was not in Norman Wilde's nature to see a woman's tears unmoved. It is scarcely that of any man, when the tears are those of his own wife, and that wife one so fondly loved and tenderly cherished as Nellie. His habitually grave and quiet voice was full of troubled tenderness now, as he bent over her, and said, in tones of gentle remonstrance, "Nellie!"

"Don't, Norman!" was the pettish answer, as she turned away from the caressing touch of his hand upon her soft golden hair. "I am not a child to be tyrannized over one moment, and coaxed and petted into good humor the next."

Selfish, cruel, tyrannical! It was too much.

Mr. Wilde took his hat with that indescribable air which injured husbands know so well how to assume, and left the room. With a slow step he passed down the stairs and into the street.

Was it wrong, he asked himself, for him to win this bright young life to gladden his quiet home, and diffuse the sunshine of her buoyant spirits over his graver, maturer life? For, though there was a difference of but ten years in their respective ages, many cares had made Norman Wilde older at twenty-seven than most men of thirty-five. He thought of it now with something like contempt for himself. He might have known that he could never make her happy; he, with a gravity of demeanor that was almost sternness; and she, with her joyous, loving disposition, for Nellie was good-tempered and affectionate generally, in spite of her wilfulness.

Something weightier than the great lawsuit of "Hobart *versus* Long" pressed upon the spirits of Mr. Wilde, as he walked slowly down the street that bitter winter morning; and his head clerk, Richards, to whom an honest lawyer was a paradox, and law a sublime mystery, thought, as he watched him from the office window, that some new legal stratagem must have taken possession of his brain, to make him walk at that pace, when the thermometer stood twenty degrees below zero.

"Ma'am," said Kate, putting her head in at the door of Nellie's room, "Mrs. Lyon would like to see you directly, if it's quite convanient."

"Very well, Kate."

And Nellie, after arranging her hair, and bathing her face, proceeded to her aunt's apartment.

"How do you feel this morning, auntie?"

"Very cheerful, very contented, my child," was the invalid's reply, as she looked up into the innocent, girlish face that bent over her couch. "I should be ungrateful indeed, if, after all the affectionate care lavished upon me by my nephew and his wife, and I should be otherwise."

Some shadows resting upon the usually happy face, caught Mrs. Lyon's attention. She loved Nellie dearly, not less for her loving kindness to her, than because she was the wife of her nephew, the only infallible mortal, in Aunt Ruth's eyes, that the world contained.

"Are you not well, Nellie?"

"Quite well, auntie."

"You are unhappy, Nellie?"

There was no answer, but Nellie's lips quivered, and two large tears gathered beneath the heavy drooped lashes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"My dear child, I am surprised, grieved to see you thus. Can you not confide in me?"

"Oh, auntie, Norman is so selfish, so unkind."

"Nellie, tell me one thing—have you quarreled?"

"Yes."

"And parted in anger?"

"Yes."

"Go to him, my child, and be reconciled. If Norman has erred, he will see his fault; if you have, it is all the more fitting that you should seek a reconciliation."

"Never!"

"Hush, Nellie; I will tell you a story, a true one, about a husband and wife who parted in anger, and never spoke to each other again. It is a terrible thing to anger those we love, Nellie. This man, whom I shall call Robert, was a proud man, grave and self-possessed in his manners, commanding as a king should be, nobler than any king that ever lived, Nellie, and far, far handsomer. Some thought him stern, but there was one who never found him so; and, though he might have been cold to others, he was all love and tenderness to her."

"His wife, aunt?"

"Yes, Nellie. He loved her with a strength and depth of affection of which few men are capable. Why he loved her with such passionate devotion, I could never see; for she was a wild, thoughtless girl, exacting and wilful; great faults they must have seemed to one as thoroughly self-disciplined as he was. Perhaps he divined what she never knew herself till afterwards, her deep love for him. They had been married but a few months. They had thus far been very happy, for he was, oh, so tender and thoughtful towards her, and she thought she had overcome her faults in her great happiness. They were not overcome, however. One morning he told her that he was going away to Vernon, and should not be back for two or three days. Vernon was the place where she had always lived till her marriage, and her mother still resided there. She wished to go with him, but he told her it would be impossible. She persisted, and he refused, but without giving his reasons. She grew very angry at his immovable calmness, and said bitter, cutting words, that would have maddened a man less able to control his temper. But he controlled himself. This exasperated her more, and she grew more sarcastic and provoking; but, though he grew pale with anger, he gave her not one angry word. She refused to say good-bye when he went; and thus they parted, never to meet again on earth."

"Oh, Aunt Ruth!" whispered Nellie, with paling cheeks.

"After he had gone, her anger all died away, and she thought she would follow him and ask his forgiveness, for the thought of his calm, cold scorn, nearly crazed her. She hastily put on her bonnet and cloak, and reached the depot just as the train had gone. It was too late. Another train would leave in an hour, and she waited. When she was once on her way, she grew nervous and frightened. She was afraid he would be angry with her for following him, and the day's ride was a slow torture to her. When she arrived at Vernon it was dusk, and there was a crowd gathered at the depot, seemingly under some strong excitement. A terrible fear of something, she knew not what, took possession of her as she stepped on the platform. She soon found out what had happened. A man on the other train, in stepping off, had, in his hurry, caught his foot, and fallen on the line. The train was in motion. Oh, Nellie! her repentance came too late!"

There was an agony in Aunt Ruth's voice, which flashed a sudden suspicion across Nellie's mind.

"He had heard that her mother was very ill with the smallpox, then raging in Vernon. He did not wish to pain or frighten her with the news till he had ascertained the truth of the report. This was the reason he refused to let her accompany him; this was why he could give no refusal. Tender and forbearing to the last; and she—oh, how she had repaid him!"

"And what became of her, auntie?"

"She took the disease from which his care would have guarded her, and for long weeks lay balancing between life and death. She prayed for death; but her prayers were not answered. Some portion of her former strength came back to her, but health never. She has never left her couch since that terrible day; but in the tender care of his nephew, who is as like him in disposition as in form and features, she has found content."

Nellie knew now whose story she had been listening to.

"No wonder she loves Norman so much," said the little wife to herself, as she wiped her tearful eyes, and stole out of the room.

* * * * * *

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," said Richards, as he put his head into the office where Mr. Wilde sat leaning over a table covered with papers which were scattered about in lawyer-like confusion.

"Very well, Richards."

And Mr. Wilde rose, and walked into the front office, where a little fur-muffled figure sat awaiting him. As he closed the door, Nellie sprang forward to meet him.

"Nellie!"

"Oh, Norman!" and she clung to him, sobbing. "Forgive me! I will never speak to Mrs. May again."

"She is a bad woman; not a fit associate for my little artless wife. I *know* this, else I had not asked you to give her up. And you came all this distance in the bitter cold to see me about it! My little Nellie!"

And he kissed her fondly.

"Norman,"—and she clung closer, sobbing still—"I have suffered so much! Forgive me, and we will never part in anger again."

"My own darling, never!"

And they never did. Through the long and happy years of married life which followed, no word of unkindness or reproach passed the lips of either, and they often spoke of this happy termination to their first and last quarrel.

HOUSE WINDOWS.—The more light admitted to apartments the better for those who occupy them. Light is as necessary to sound health as it is to vegetable life. Exclude it from plants, and the consequences are disastrous. They cannot be perfect without its vivifying influence. It is a great mistake to curtain and blind windows so closely for fear of injuring the furniture by exposure to the sun's rays; such rooms positively gather elements in darkness which engender disease. Let in the light often, and fresh air, too, or suffer the penalty of aches and pains and long doctor's bills which might have been avoided.

WEARINESS.

O, little feet; that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears;
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O, little hands; that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O, little hearts; that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O, little souls; as pure and white,
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from Heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears;
How lurid looks this sun of mine.

THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS;

OR, THE SPHINX OF DIANA.

BY J. R. W.

A. D. 67.—Ephesus—the red setting sun pouring its splendid light upon the marble city, and, above all, upon the magnificent temple of Diana, which had defied the fire of the madman Erostatus, and which, even in our days, remains in part to testify to the justice which declared it one of the seven wonders of the world.

Ephesus, the setting sun, and the Ephesians pouring from all points upon Via Sacra—the Sacred Road—to see the strange seven Christians pass.

To all intents and purposes, the Ephesians were Roman in their religious ideas and habits. They were perfectly liberal, and, as in Rome, Serapis, the favorite divinity of the Egyptians, had more than once become the fashion.

But whether the wretched man Nero (still young, for he died, scarcely thirty, the following year) was or was not mad, it is certain that he was the first of the Roman emperors consistently and systematically to persecute the Christians.

But the Romans, as a rule, did not persecute the Christians so much because of their faith, as because they would not fight.

Now the Roman was bound to fight for his country, if called upon, and he was frequently required to do so; but the Christian quite refused, conscientiously, to fight, and he preferred before doing so to be condemned to death as a coward.

The Romans, however, appear, at a very early period, to have seen that the men who could die for their faith were no cowards, while by their very martyrdom they demonstrated that they ought not to have been martyred.

Hence, the Roman judges found themselves in the dilemma of either letting the Christians live, and thereby encouraging their faith amongst all those who had no desire to fight for the Roman power, or of condemning them to death—not as cowards, but as men who denied the recognized divinities.

Christians, however, were submitted to but a very simple ordeal if they desired to renounce Christianity. All they had to do was to burn a pinch of incense in the flame rising from the altar before the statue of a given deity, and they were thereby reconstituted Roman citizens.

The greater number were true to their new faith, and died—chiefly in the arena, where, as an example to their fellow-citizens, they were thrown to the wild beasts, and without arms, that they might not have the honor, if they wished it, of defending themselves against the famishing, wild, hunger-ferocious beasts.

But in Ephesus, Christians had scarcely been known. The deity of that city was Diana, the Diana of the Ephesians; Diana, the goddess of purity; Diana, whose vestals were ever clothed in silver and white, who sang to Diana's glory unceasingly, and to touch whom, as they passed through the streets, was a sentence of death.

Unquestionably the Ephesians were comparatively a pure people, and it is little to be wondered at that when they did embrace Christianity, they became ardent disciples of the new faith.

But that was long after. We are in the year A. D. 67, and great is Diana of the Ephesians.

The strange seven Christians are to be sacrificed for the safety of Ephesus.

To the east of the town, four days since, a sudden gap appeared in the hill-side, and a sound as of Nature moaning was heard to issue from it.

The augurs had been consulted, and they declared that the Ephesians had offended Diana—that a sacrifice must be offered as a propitiation.

Whether or not the diviners exerted themselves to find hidden Christians, it came about that on the eve of the day upon which they declared the will of the oracles, seven Ephesian Christians were found, seven hidden Christians living in the city dedicated to pure Diana.

The people recognise with acclaim that this is the offence—that the hill-side has opened, and the earth has groaned, because of the offence of seven Christians in the Silver City of Diana.

As the sun rises on the following morn, the great arena, the circular open-air amphitheatre, where the gladiators contest, is filling with the Ephesians, come to see the trial and death of the seven Christians.

Now and again, above the chattering and laughter of the people, a savage roar, followed immediately by other strange savage sounds, may be heard. These angry complaints come from the wild animals confined in cages in the arcades of the arena, and but half fed, that when the victims are thrown to them they shall not balk the Ephesians of their day's pleasure, that of seeing the wild beasts devour the perverts.

As usual, the Pro-Consul sits in the tribune, some ten or twelve feet above the floor of the arena, his breast level with the coping of the marble wall which forms the round well of architecture surrounding the arena.

Below, in the arena, stands an altar; before it, a flaming tripod; and near at hand, a supply of powdered incense.

The silver trumpets have sounded, come nearer, and the Pro-Consul has taken his seat. The eyes of all Ephesus are now fixed upon the arena, about which move several heavy, lumbering slaves, fierce, remorseless brutes.

Suddenly, a loud murmur, as the seven criminals are led into the arena.

They are weakly-looking men (for the strong did not at first willingly accept Christianity), but there is a general saintly beauty in their aspect, which is common to all men who resign life through the strength of any conviction.

Very short and prompt is the trial of the seven men; for they confess that they are Christians, and that they are ready to die.

But the Roman rulers were never precipitate in these matters; and again and again the arraigned are urged each to take a pinch of the incense, and burn it in the flame flickering before the altar and statue of Diana. This would save their lives—for the act would be looked upon as that of renouncing Christianity—when, lo! the foremost of the seven running forward, overthrew the blazing tripod, and spat upon the white marble statue of Diana.

Then there arose a terrible angry cry, and the thumbs of all the outstretched hands were turned downwards, thereby meaning death.

The white faced soothsayer is seen to approach the Pro-Consul, who is marked to start, and then to make a gesture of assent.

Soon the news scatters amongst the Ephesians; the rent in the hill-side, caused by the infamy of the presence of the seven Christians, is to receive them—they are to be cast into the darkness, as a sacrifice to Diana—and so the wild beasts have been deprived of their human feast.

Sunset. And the Ephesians once again pour from their shops and their work, to see the seven Christians led to death. They are singing most low, sad, yet hopeful chants, and moving hand in hand.

From the valley of the city, those who stay there can see the glittering arms of the soldiery, can almost mark the Christians cast one by one into the abyss.

All is ended. The Ephesians go home to peaceful rest, night has come, and the seven Christians are asleep.

* * * * *

A. D. 567.—The risen sun, cresting the hill-tops to the east of Ephesus, lets shine some rays into a cavern and upon the face of a sleeping man, who, slowly awaking as the warmth brings him back to life, looks about him, and then smiles as he sees the yellow sunlight pouring in upon him and his companions.

"Joshua, Zebedee," he cries, cheerfully, "and fair Mathew, awake! Here is the friendly sunlight smiling upon us! In the night some kind hand has rolled away the stones which the Ephesians cast into the mouth of the cavern, and, mayhap, we shall yet live."

The sleepers awake, and the seven voices begin singing their morning hymn.

A shepherd, watching his sheep near the place, saw a rent in the hill-side, where yesterday at sunset the wild plants grew, and it is from this point the soft voices come.

He flees into the city, telling them there that a miracle is happening, that the hills are singing to heaven.

The seven Christians having sung their morning praises, and kissed after the manner of the early Christians, one said: "Thou Paul, art the bravest, for yesterday thou didst overthrow the light before the altar of Diana; go thou cautiously into the town, and buy bread. Mayhap, the Ephesians have had pity on us, and will let us live."

So this one, Paul, set out for the city below them; for they had come forth, and sat in the morning sunlight, he meaning to bring back bread in the loose sleeve of his dress.

He thought the land and city looked changed; but he persuaded himself that he was mistaken, until he knew things must be strange, for suddenly meeting a man at a turn in the hill-path, he saw that the stranger was dressed as never he had seen man robed.

The next moment, his amazement was very great; for the man started, raised his hands affrightedly, turned, and fled towards the city, never once looking back.

Still this Paul went on, much amazed, but with no fear. Yet, when he came to that point where, on the yesterday, there stood a wayside votive altar to Diana, he was sore puzzled, for the figure of Diana was gone, the altar itself was chipped and weather-worn, and where had stood the statue, he marked a fair cross of white marble.

But from him the symbol demanded prayer, and his face was still towards the cross and from the city, when the sounds of many whispering voices called for his attention.

He turned, and found a multitude upon their knees. The whispering he had heard was their praying voices.

They had heard the shepherd's story, had met the affrighted man, who told how he had seen one who had a faint white light about the head, and they had gathered their waving green branches, and had moved up the hill, the bravest in advance, the more timorous in the rear.

"Good people," he said, "do no farther harm either to me or my brothers. We wish you well."

"Who art thou, master?" asked a quaking voice.

For awhile the Assyrian could not understand.

"I am a Christian," called Paul, "and my six brethren are awaiting me a little higher up on the hill-side. They are Zebedee, Joshua, Mathew, John, Peter and Zacharias."

The listening people could not comprehend what the stranger said; but when he mentioned the names of the seven Ephesian Christian martyrs, of whom their bishop had told him how they had been cast into a hole in the hill-side, the people began to quake, and, in a low voice, whisper the word, "Miracle! miracle!"

"Cast us not back into the pit!" he pleaded; "for we love you, and some of you love us, for have ye not rolled away the stone from the mouth of the cavern?"

Slowly, yet with certainty, the listeners comprehended, and the foremost ran forward, meaning to fall at his feet.

But he, thinking that they meant to kill him, and yearning to die with his brethren, turned, and fled rapidly up the mountains.

Reaching the others, he told how the people were coming to slay them, and that they had but a few moments to live.

And then it was that the approaching awe-stricken people heard the seven sweet voices, as the shepherd had heard them, and they came slowly forward, covering their faces with their hands, not daring to look upon the seven radiant men.

They, taking the upraised arms to mean that they were to be stoned to death, prepared to die, though yet one of them said:

"What harm have we done you? You are not of the Ephesians, who yesterday cast us into the pits. You have gentler faces, and your dress is different. Let us go our way, if you will; if not, we are ready to die! See you, the rent in the hills is once again open. Shall we go back to our tomb?"

And now one whom they knew by his dress to be a Christian bishop—though much they marvelled that he should be there amongst the Diana-loving Ephesians—came towards them, and said softly, "Why, brethren, we welcome you with our love. Whence came you?"

"From the cavern whose opening you see, into which but yesterday the Ephesians cast us, because that we are Christians."

And now, to their amazement, the Bishop, an aged man, with long, flowing white hair, knelt before them, and prayed their blessing.

"Nay," said he, who was called Paul, "it is for me to kneel to you; for we are plain Christian brethren, citizens of Ephesus, following poor trades. Plead with the Ephesians for us, that we may have our lives, and that we may live after our own way!"

"We are Ephesians," said the Bishop, softly.

"Yet you seem Christians?"

"The Ephesians are Christians!"

"Yet 'tis only yesterday we seven were all the Christians in the city. How come ye so changed in faith, in dress, in look, in manner?"

"It is five hundred years this blessed day," says the Bishop, "and your awakening is a miracle."

The seven sleepers looked one upon the other, now comprehending why all these things were so changed.

"And is Ephesus indeed a Christian city?" asked they.

"We know no other faith," said the Bishop, "than Christianity."

And then it was that the seven raised their voices in song.

But slowly, slowly, it grew softer; and as they lapsed into silence, the seven brethren slept as they knelt.

And when the people touched them, they found that the seven were dead.

They carried the seven martyrs down into the city, and the descendants of the very people who had driven them out to death welcomed them with loud hosannas, and all the Ephesians came to touch the dead bodies of the seven brethren.

* * * * * *

Such is the myth and mystery of the Seven Sleepers.

True?

No—not true; but, nevertheless, unspeakably beautiful and tender. Christianity is not any the worse for thinking pleasantly of the untrue but charming Legend of the Seven Sleepers.

A TURKISH CAFE.

Imagine a saloon a dozen feet square, arched and whitewashed, encircled by a wainscot about six feet high, and a species of divan covered with straw matting. In the middle—and this is the most elegant point of detail—a fountain of white marble throws up a stream of water which falls again in various streams and clouds of spray. In a corner burns a furnace, over which the coffee is made, cup by cup, as required, in little brass coffee-pots capable of holding but a single cup each. To the walls are attached shelves laden with razors, near which hang several elegant little pearl-mounted mirrors, in which the customers can see whether their beards are arranged to their taste, for in Turkey every *cafe* is also a barber's shop, and, while you smoke your chibouque and sip your coffee, in comes a fat Turk with a parrot's nose, and a lean Persian with an eagle's beak to have their beards dressed; while a young Greek in front is pomading his moustache and painting his eyebrows, which he had equalized by means of a small pair of pincers.

The idea is prevalent that according to the rule of the Koran the Turks absolutely proscribe all "images," and regard the products of the plastic arts as works of idolatry; but although this is true in principle it is not rigorously sustained, and the *cafes* are decorated with all sorts of prints of the oddest choice and taste without appearing at all to scandalize the orthodox Mussulman. Turkish taste takes French prints, and forms grotesque combinations. Sirens swim at the side of steamboats, and the heroes of Schah-Nameh brandish their battle-axes above the old soldiers of the Empire. It is delightful to take, in these *cafes*, after a fatiguing walk through the streets, a tiny cup of their dark and turbid coffee, brought to you by a black-eyed youngster on the tips of his fingers, in a salver of silver filigree; and it proves more truly refreshing than any iced drink which you could obtain. To the cup of coffee is usually added a glass of pure water, which the Turks drink before and the Franks after; and there is a characteristic anecdote afloat on this very subject.

A European who spoke the Eastern language perfectly, wore the Mussulman costume like a native, and had acquired the bronze complexion of the climate, was, nevertheless, recognized as a Frank in a little obscure Syrian *cafe* by a ragged Bedouin, incapable certainly of discovering a fault in the pure Arabic dialect of the detected foreigner. "By what have you discovered me to be a Frank?" said the European, as much annoyed as Theophrastus, when called "stranger" by a green grocer in the market at Athens, because he had misplaced an accent. "You drink your water after your coffee," replied the Bedouin.

Every one carries his own tobacco box, the *cafe* supplying only the chibouque, the amber mouthpiece of which is incapable of retaining any impurity from use, and the nargile, a complicated apparatus, which it would be rather difficult to lug about with you. The price of the cup of coffee is twenty paras, or one penny farthing; and if you give a piastre or twopence halfpenny you are quite a magnificent person. The money is dropped into a box pierced with a hole (a regular child's money box), which is placed near the door.

Although in Turkey the first beggar in rags who comes in seats himself on the divan beside the most sumptuously dressed Turk without eliciting any sign of aversion or displeasure from the latter, certain classes have, nevertheless, their habitual places of resort, and the "Cafe of the Marble Fountain," situated between the Serai-Bournou and the Mosque of Yeni-Djami, is one of the most frequented in all the town.

GENIUS may be said to signify that talent or aptitude which we receive from nature for excelling in any one thing whatever. Thus we speak of a genius for mathematics, as well as a genius for poetry; of a genius for war, for politics, or for any mechanical employment.

A CENTENNIAL HEROINE.

Just one hundred years ago, last month, there occurred in Kentucky one of those thrilling incidents in border life which will live in story as among the soul-stirring episodes of the times of our forefathers.

The scene opens (July 18, 1775) in the rudely constructed fort of Boonesborough, on the bank of the Kentucky River. Daniel Boone and his friend Richard Callaway had been absent since early in the morning, and the good wives were enjoying the rest that the Sabbath brought even to the unbroken wilderness.

In the grateful shade of a tree in one corner of the enclosure sat three young girls, just blooming into womanhood. The eldest of these maidens was Elizabeth Callaway, just turned of sixteen, and as pretty as a picture. The other girls were younger by two years, and different from her in appearance. Fanny Callaway was fairer than her sister Betsy, but not more pleasing in appearance. The third girl, Jemima Boone, was also naturally fair, and, like Fanny, owed whatever of fairness she may have lost to constant exposure to the weather. Nor were these younger maidens without their fancies, and though but fourteen years counted the lives of the two girls, each had a lover who was a hardy and bold pioneer.

As evening drew near, the last breath of air seemed to lull itself to rest, and the July heat seemed to become more oppressive. The quick ear of one of the girls caught the sound of the river as its subdued murmur floated up over the bank, and she proposed that they should go a short distance below the fort to where a canoe was lying, and drift out upon the bosom of the river to catch the rising coolness of the evening waters. Hardly were they seated, and prepared to push from the shore, when they detected a slight rustle in the bush, and in a moment more five stalwart and hideously-painted Indians leaped to the side of the canoe, pulling it close to the shore.

What girl of sixteen could be equal to such an emergency? It was here that the true heroine displayed herself. It was here that Betsy Callaway, without a moment's hesitation, determined to defend the honor and the lives of herself and her young companions, and wrote her name in the annals of Kentucky. Standing erect in the canoe, she seized the paddle, and at a single blow laid open to the bone the head of the foremost savage. The other Indians pressed on, but, still undaunted, the brave girl fought them with the ferocity of a mother protecting her young. Finally, exhausted, she sank to the bottom of the canoe, and with her trembling sister and friend was dragged ashore, and was hurried off to meet whatever fate might be in store for them.

The consternation at the fort can well be imagined. The fathers of the girls soon returned, and, before the night closed in, Daniel Boone, at the head of a party on foot, and Richard Callaway, at the head of a party on horseback, were off in pursuit. In Boone's party were Samuel Henderson, John Holder and Flanders Callaway. What gave these youths such determined looks and made them press on so eagerly? Was it only a knightly spirit that prompted them to the rescue of forlorn and captured damsels? Ah! as Samuel Henderson strode along he was thinking of the olive-cheeked heroine, Betsy Callaway; and John Holder clenched his hands and ground his teeth when he thought of poor little frightened Fannie; and Flanders Callaway almost forgot his kith and kin for thinking of his captured Jemima Boone.

When the Indians started with the girls they made the younger ones take off their shoes and put on moccasins, but Betsy refused to take off her shoes, and as she walked along she ground her heel into the soil to leave a trail. Noticing this, the Indians made the whole party walk apart and deviate from the course, so as to wade throught the water and destroy the trail. Then the undaunted Betsy broke off twigs and dropped them along the road, never doubting for a moment that her father and her lover would soon be in hot pursuit of them; and when the savages threatened her with uplifted tomahawk if she persisted in this, she secretly tore off portions of her dress and dropped them on the road.

Boone's party soon found the trail, and followed it rapidly, fearing that the girls might grow weary and be put to death. All Sunday night and all Monday the pursuit was kept up. On Tuesday morning a slender column of smoke was seen in the distance, and the experienced eye of the hunter at once detected the camp of the Indians. A serious difficulty now presented itself. How were the captives to be rescued without giving the captors time to kill them? There was but little time for reflection, as the Indians must quickly discover their presence. The white men were sure shots, and so they picked their men, fired upon them, and then rushed into the camp to the rescue.

At the moment of attack the girls were sitting at the foot of a tree; Betsy, with a red bandana handkerchief thrown over her head, while the heads of Fanny and Jemima were reclining in her lap. Betsy's olive complexion came near serving her a bad turn at this juncture, for one of the rescuing party coming suddenly upon her mistook her for an Indian, and was about to knock her brains out with the butt of his rifle, when a friendly hand intervened and saved the girl from meeting her death just at the moment when she saw liberty within her reach.

The fathers and gallants carried their loved ones home in triumph, and this romance of real life in Kentucky a century ago would not be complete without the information that the dreams of love and happiness that were so cruelly disturbed one hundred years ago this summer day were subsequently all realized. Brave Betsy Callaway became Mrs. Samuel Henderson, and lived to tell the story of her capture to her children and her children's children. Little Fanny became Mrs. John Holder; and Flanders Callaway took to his home Miss Jemima Boone, and thus cemented the friendly ties of the Boones and Callaways.

EDUCATION.—Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. That man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring, the use of which, properly managed, enlightens the mind.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MOCKING BIRD.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

The young and beautiful Princess Neroyah loved the brave warrior Tonaka, but the tribes to which they respectively belonged were bitterly hostile; therefore, the secret meeting of the young lovers had to be conducted in the most adroit and disguised manner. Fortunately, Tonaka was endowed by the Great Spirit (who ever distributes his wondrous benefactions, with an all-seeing eye, to the future requirements of the recipient) with a singular power of mimicry. So gifted was he that, with but slight effort, he could imitate any known bird or animal under the sun.

Often, in the stillness of the midnight hour, Neroyah, hearing the preconcerted signal, would steal from her couch of leopard-skin, and seek the vast depths of the forest, where she would find her beloved awaiting her with anxious impatience. Sometimes the signal would be the shrill cry of the panther or wild-cat; again, the barking of a dog; but more frequently the exquisite notes of some forest night-bird.

This bliss endured for many moons, when, notwithstanding their caution, their attachment became known, and the two tribes then at war resolved that they should be put to death. The decree was unknown to either; and when they were both tied to the fatal stake, and the grim and painted warriors around them, the faggots piled ready for the fires, and all the implements of torture displayed with cruel significance, each was busy imploring the Great Spirit who sat in the clouds above and gazed down on the scene, to preserve the life and happiness of the other.

The heart of their god was touched at this tenderness of devotion; his compassion deigned to avert the wrath of their persecutors, and he caused a strong whirlwind to blow around each, which filled the eyes of the astonished warriors with dust, and when the whirlwind passed, the captives could not be found.

The Great Spirit, however, did not forget that the lovers, absorbed in their devotion to each other for many long months, and in the contrivance of those secret meetings which had gladdened their lives, had neglected the ceremonies of devotion due to him, and therefore would not grant them the immediate union they coveted in this world, and were impious enough to prize above the joys to be sought in the happy hunting-grounds of the future existence.

He changed the young warrior to a mocking-bird, and the princess to a beautiful and wondrous bird of rare plumage, who should have no mate, but should wander alone, the sole type of her species on earth, until the mocking-bird succeeded in producing a weird and singular note of exquisite and difficult harmony, which alone has the power of calling her to his side.

By this note alone can they know each other. Since then she has wandered over the world unrecognized, but still existent; and Tonaka, who still retains the power of imitating, sings, forever sings, imitating every sound he hears, even to the wail of the infant, and, forming every possible combination of his own contriving, hoping to discover his lost and loved Neroyah.

His lonely and loving heart prompts him to make night melodious with his music, and often the nightingale joins him in the sad refrain; he sings softly, bends his head, and listens—it is not the voice of his lost love, and with a despairing cry, he soars away into the vast unknown.

SEAWEEDS.

Many of our readers at the seaside will be glad of a few words of advice as to what they should do with these sea treasures when gathered from their ocean bed.

In the first place the counsel may be given to collect as few seaweeds at a time as you can afford, according to your stay in any locality, and to put them either in an oilskin bag or a tin can with seawater; for these flowers of the sea fade, and even decompose marvellously fast, when roughly handled or carelessly gathered. The best time for collecting is in the early morning, when, on your return, there is leisure for immediately laying them out. If you come home overtired, and leave them until next day, the chances are that one half of them will be spoilt. The finest and rarest specimens are found in the lowest tide-pools, or cast up after a storm; but even at high tide the seaside naturalist will find most pleasant occupation and delightful surprise if with a microscope he investigates those very small specimens which are too insignificant for the album, and finds such form and color, provision and harmony, as the Almighty Creator conceals from the unseeing eye, to reveal to our patient and intelligent research.

Supposing, however, that we have searched a few tide-pools, and brought home a tangled mass of olive, red, and green seaweeds; we get some soup plates, fresh water, a bit of alum, and some camel-hair pencils, to assist in disentangling the mass. Of course we are provided with paper cut into large and small squares; and, as much of the beauty of the specimens depends on the quality of the paper, it should be fine, and at the same time stout, almost as good as drawing-paper. Now float a piece of weed in fresh water; if very dirty or sandy, wash it first, and in renewed water float it on a piece of paper supported by your left hand, whilst with your right hand you arrange the plant in a natural manner, using a mounted needle or porcupine-quill, and thinning out the superabundant branches with a fine pointed pair of scissors. When the specimen is placed as you like it, cautiously raise the paper, that the position of the plant be not altered, and let it rest somewhere with sloping inclination, that the moisture may run off whilst other specimens are treated in the same way.

Do not leave them long thus, for they must be pressed before the paper is dry. A convenient traveling press consists of two pieces of deal board about two feet long and one foot wide, a couple of quires of whity-brown paper, and a double strap, such as we use for railway wrappers. Lay blotting-paper between the coarser paper, and you can strap them closely and carry your seaweed very safely in your hand. In drying them you must have old linen or fine muslin, old and soft, to lay upon the weed and prevent its sticking to the upper paper; but do not leave it beyond a day or so, lest it leave checkered marks upon the surface of the weed, especially those with broad fronds.

Experience will give the best lessons. Some seaweeds which are glutinous must not be pressed at all, but laid out to dry; and, when perfectly on, then moisten the under side of the paper, and give a gentle pressure only. Others will not adhere to paper, and therefore, when dry, brush them over with a little isinglass dissolved in gin (laid on warm), and they will then be fixed closely to the cardboard or paper. Another preparation is one ounce of oil of turpentine, in which some gum-mastic, the size of a nutmeg, has been dissolved. This gives a gloss to the specimen, and helps to preserve the color.

You must change the blotting-paper and muslin at least twice during the process of drying larger seaweeds; the smaller ones will be ready in a couple of days for the album, on the second day giving heavy pressure by stones and weights besides the strap. As to arrangement, this is quite a matter of taste. Some form the weeds into wreaths, some in bunches, either with an imitation basket painted on cardboard, cut out and put on to cover the stems, or with a very fine small basket cut in half and placed in the same manner. A flat shell is also sometimes used. Locality and date should be always appended, and the name also if possible.

SEALSKIN.

There are doubtless many among our readers who are ignorant of the manner in which this favorite fur is obtained, and, therefore, we will give a brief account of it.

The time chosen is, unfortunately, the very period that, of others, ought to be kept close. Except for a very short part of the year the seal lives, to all intents and purposes, on the open sea. But the female, when a mother, seeks the shelter of the shore, where she suckles and watches her cubs until they are old enough to shift for themselves. At this time, wherever there are seals along the coast, large herds of them will be found from a quarter to half a mile inland. The proportions are very much like those of a drove of deer. The main body will consist of often several hundred females, each with one or two helpless little ones, while the males hang about the outskirts of the flock, and relieve the monotony of their existence on shore by obstinate and sanguinary pitched battles with one another.

As soon as a herd of this kind is spied, the boats are manned, and the whole vessel's crew, armed with bludgeons and axes, starts upon a "cutting-out expedition," at the horrors of which humanity may well shudder. The only way to effectually kill a seal with completeness and despatch is by a heavy blow with a bludgeon, or a deep cut with an axe, so as either to crush or sever the nasal bones; and when the boats' crews have got ashore, an indiscriminate slaughter is commenced, the whole herd being often butchered before a single one can reach the water's edge.

The tumult and skurry of the attack over, the real work commences. The adult quarry is skinned with all possible haste, and the cubs, who lie moaning and whinnying by the side of their dams, are knocked on the head if big enough to give their fur any value. Old seal hunters tell us—and we can well believe it—that it takes a man some time to get used to such cruel butchery, and that the half-human wailing of the little calves, as they flop and roll about the mangled carcass of their mother, is something that, until he be hardened to the work, will make his sleep uneasy at night.

A MOST ANCIENT AMERICAN CITY.

A California geologist reviews the geological evidence of the antiquity of a human settlement near the present town of Cherokee, in that State, and estimates the age of that most ancient of discovered towns to be not less than 180,000 years. The data for all such calculations are necessarily uncertain, as they are derived from the present motions of the continents and present rates of erosion; still, from the changes that have taken place since the pioneers of prehistoric California left their traces on its ancient seashore, there can be no doubt that thousands of centuries must have come and gone.

The traces in question are numerous stone mortars, found in undisturbed white and yellow gravel of a subaqueous formation, not fluvatile, underlying the vast sheets of volcanic rock of which Table Mountain is a part. In one instance a mortar was found standing upright, with the pestle in it, apparently just as it had been left by its owner. In some cases the mortars have been found at the depth of forty feet from the surface of the gravel underlying Table Mountain. The distribution of the mortars is such as to indicate, with great positiveness, the former existence of a human settlement on that ancient beach when the water stood near the level at which they occur; a time anterior to the volcanic outpouring which Table Mountain records, and anterior to the glacial epoch.

PLAIN FEATURES.—Plainness of features is not at all incompatible with beauty. There is a great deal of difference between a person's being plain and being ugly. A person may be very plain, and yet attractive and interesting in both countenance and manner, and surely no one could call such a person ugly. An ugly face is repulsive. There are no rules that can be depended on for the settlement of beauty; and still less can ugliness be defined, otherwise than by itself. If we were asked to say what constitutes an ugly woman, we could not reply.

GOOD HUMOR.—Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. 'Tis the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in the landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hue of the dark; like a flute in a full concert of instruments, a sound, not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

THE vine twig shows not more ingenuity as it traverses some rocky crag in search of the cool stream, at once its luxury and its life, than does our injured self-love, in seeking for consolation from the inevitable casualties of fate, and the irresistible strokes of fortune.

A MAN who has any good reason to believe in himself, never flourishes himself before the faces of other people in order that they may believe in him.

A JAPANESE BATH.

A writer in an English paper says: "In Japan, even in the lowest inns, the traveler's request for a bath is never met with that stare of blank astonishment which often attends the demand in our own and every other European country. I know in Ireland once I asked for a bath and they brought me a horse bucket; and on another occasion, in France, I could get no nearer the article than a horse trough; while in England and Germany the request has more than once led to a serious breach of the peace between myself and the landlord. In Japan, on the contrary, there would be much more surprise felt if the traveler did not ask for one. There were no preparations required, no rushing about of chambermaids, no turning on this and off that—everything was quite ready, and I was at once conducted to a huge wooden bath with a small earthen furnace let in at the foot, and a lid enclosing the whole of the top, with the exception of a space just big enough for the head of the bather to emerge through. In one of these contrivances, with a small furnace burning gayly, a Japanese, after his day's work is over, will sit calmly himself with the lid on, and the water bubbling about him at boiling heat. He seems, however, to like it uncommonly, to judge from the pleased expression on his face fast deepening under the process into beetroot-like tints; and when he has at last had enough—about an hour of it—he takes off the lid and emerges as much like a boiled lobster as a human being can become. My bath was quite ready; the small furnace glowed with live pieces of charcoal; the water bubbled merrily, and my companion of the bath, taking off the lid, invited me to enter. Not being, however, either a Japanese, a blue lobster, or a potato, I did not see any particular object in being boiled, and so had the fuel raked out of the furnace and a few buckets of cold water added before I got in."

THERE is something in the last hour of the day, if it have been itself a happy one, which seems to concentrate all the pleasant things of the past. It is like a fine evening sky, calm and sweet and full of rays, that are all the rosier, because they are the last.

The Down-Hill Side.

On the down-hill side of life the constitution is beset with infirmities for which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best of all remedies. Invigoration is the most reliable means of resisting disease, and is particularly necessary at a period of life when the decay of the physical energies renders the system less able than formerly to resist its attacks. The cheering warmth which this prime tonic stimulant diffuses through the chilled veins, the unwonted steadiness which it gives to the tottering limbs of age, the prompt relief which it affords from those maladies which are most common in the decline of life, constitute it an inestimable blessing to the old and infirm. Among the testimonials to the excellence of this most salutary medicine of which its proprietors are constantly in the receipt, many are received from persons of advanced age, who speak with unmeasured praise of its qualities as an invigorant and preventive.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE
WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.
THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.
In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.
Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.
DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

U. S. Business Directory For 1876.
Compiled by Dr. L. COLANGE.
Second Year of Issue.
THE Publishers of the U. S. BUSINESS DIRECTORY are convinced, from the favorable reception of the edition of 1876, that a compact, reliable and cheap collection of the names of the BUSINESS HOUSES OF THE UNITED STATES is a necessity to every business firm of the Country. We are now preparing, at an enormous expense, for the publication of this important work about December 1st, 1875, and we would call the attention of the public to the fact that our Canvassers are now soliciting subscriptions and advertisements.
It will contain a list of the business houses of the United States, Canada, Cuba, with the most important names of Great Britain and France.
Agents wanted in several unassigned territories.
Address,
BAKER, DAVIS & CO.
(Successors to T. ELLWOOD ZELL),
PHILADELPHIA.

Mark Your Clothes. Best Linen and Card marker. to any address, postage paid, on receipt of $1. No money to Agents. Address with stamp, E. S. MILLER, Newark, O.

EAST TENNESSEE LAND FOR SALE
65 acres; 30 cleared; excellent brick buildings; well watered; in a good community, in one of the finest valleys of E. Tenn. Price $11 per acre. Address, T. P. THOMAS, Knoxville, Tenn.

WRUNG
FROM
THE GRAVE!
BY
MARY E. WOODSON,
(MRS. T. J. JARVIS,)
Author of "A Woman's Vow," etc.
Trade supplied by
CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY,
Philadelphia.
SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom Street, Phila.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW BOOKS.
T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have just issued an entire new, complete and uniform edition of all of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's celebrated works. They are complete in Thirty-seven volumes, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back; price $1.75 each; or $64.75 a set, and each set is put up in a neat box. Their names are as follows:

How He Won Her.	The Deserted Wife.
Fair Play.	The Lost Heiress.
Victor's Triumph.	Love's Labor Won.
A Beautiful Fiend.	The Gipsy's Prophecy.
The Artist's Love.	The Three Beauties.
A Noble Lord.	Vivia; Secret of Power.
Lost Heir of Linlithgow.	The Two Sisters.
Tried For Her Life.	Miriam, the Avenger.
Cruel as the Grave.	Wife's Victory.
The Maiden Widow.	The Mother-in-Law.
The Family Doom.	Haunted Homestead.
The Bride's Fate.	Lady of the Isle.
The Changed Brides.	Fallen Pride.
Prince of Darkness.	The Widow's Son.
The Christmas Guest.	Allworth Abbey.
Bride of Llewellyn.	Retribution.
The Fortune Seeker.	India; of Pearl River.
The Bridal Eve.	Curse of Clifton.
The Fatal Marriage.	Discarded Daughter.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS' WORKS
T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just issued a new edition of all the popular works written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. They are complete in Twenty-one volumes, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back, price $1.75 each; or $36.75 a set, and each set is put up in a neat box. Their names are as follows:

Bellehood and Bondage.	The Rejected Wife.
The Old Countess.	Mary Derwent.
Lord Hope's Choice.	Fashion and Famine.
The Reigning Belle.	The Heiress.
A Noble Woman.	The Old Homestead.
Palaces and Prisons.	The Gold Brick.
Married in Haste.	The Wife's Secret.
Wives and Widows.	Doubly False.
Ruby Gray's Strategy.	Silent Struggles.
The Curse of Gold.	The Soldier's Orphans.
Mabel's Mistake.	

LANGUAGES WITHOUT A MASTER.
By A. H. Monteith. Price 40 Cents each.
FRENCH Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.
GERMAN Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.
SPANISH Without a Master. In Four Easy Lessons.
ITALIAN Without a Master. In Five Easy Lessons.
LATIN Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.
Any one or all of the above five Languages can be learned by any one without a teacher, with these books. Price Forty cents each. The five books are also bound in one large volume. Price Two Dollars a copy.
Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers.
Copies of any one or more, or all of the above books will be sent to any one, to any place, post-paid, on remitting their price, in a letter, to the Publishers.
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

The Young Housekeeper's Friend.
BY MRS. H. M. CORNELIUS.
12mo. Price $1.50.
Contains a large number of *reliable* and *tested* Recipes for cooking; Canning of Fruits; Preparing of Food for infants, and for the sick; an important chapter on Health; and counsels and suggestions of great value to housekeepers, etc., etc., etc.
No work on the subject has attained such popularity as Mrs. Cornelius'. It has been before the public nearly twenty-five years, during which it has, from time to time, been revised to meet the growing requirements of the household. It has constantly grown in favor, as evidenced by its increasing sale, and the publishers feel warranted in pronouncing it
The Standard Work on the Subject of which it Treats.
Sent by mail on receipt of price.
WALKER, REED & CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philada.

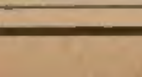
BOOK AGENTS WANTED to sell the NEW BOOK "GLEANINGS FOR THE CURIOUS." For 20 years all literature, art, science, history, theology, earth and heaven, have been raked and ransacked for the rare and curious things stowed away in this remarkable book. It is *actually overflowing* with quaint, beautiful, brilliant thoughts and truths, exquisite sentiment, ingenious devices, and the most wonderful facts and curious fancies ever known. The people say it is "splendid." Agents say "it's a BIG HIT"—and those now at work report "all"—"$75"—"$20" orders a week! It really outsells *all* other books three to one for "sense to see it is to buy it." We want 10,000 more lively Agents now—men or women—and we will mail Outfit Free to those who will canvass. Large pamphlets with full particulars, terms, etc., sent free to all. Address
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

TEMPLE HARP.
A very choice selection of sacred Music for Choirs, Singing Schools and Musical Societies in the Seven-Character Notes, by which any one can learn to sing in one-fourth the time required by other methods.
CRYSTAL GEMS,
A new music book for Sabbath Schools in the Seven-Character Notes, being the most natural and easy system yet discovered. It contains a rare selection of new tunes, the most beautiful and popular ever published.
Specimen pages of both the above mailed free.
MILLER'S BIBLE and PUBLISHING HOUSE, 1102 and 1104 Sansom St., Philad'a, Pa.

CYCLOPEDIA,
OF THINGS WORTH KNOWING,
A valuable book for the HOUSEKEEPER, FARMER, MERCHANT and MECHANIC. Reliable information upon every subject. 540 pages Royal Octavo. AGENTS WANTED.
Miller's Bible and Publishing House,
1102 & 1104 Sansom St., Philad'a, Pa.

ATTENTION COMPANY! New Pension and Bounty laws. Claims for almost every soldier or heir. No fee unless successful. Thousands entitled under the new law. Bounties, pensions, and back-pay collected, new discharges obtained and pensions increased. Soldiers war of 1812, and Mexico, or their widows, pensioned. *Soldiers' Record*, a 16-page paper, with digest pension and bounty laws. No soldier can do without it. Send 10 cts. for it. Address (with stamps) NATHAN W. FITZGERALD, U. S. Agt., Indianapolis, Ind.

"PSYCHOMANCY, or Soul Charming."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents; together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracles, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, A queer book; 100,000 sold. Address, T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Phila.



W. L. HAYDEN, Teacher of Guitar and Flute, Agent for Taylor's Patent Guitars, the best in use. Dealer in Musical Instruments, Music and Strings. Catalogues and price-lists free. 135 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

WANAMAKER & BROWN
MEN & BOYS CLOTHING
ONE PRICE. GUARANTEE.
S.E. COR. 6th & MARKET STS. PHILADA.

EVERY LIVE AGENT Who wants to make money should send 4 cent stamp for Circular to the Publishers, New York.
ARABISTAN
Or, THE LAND OF "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."
By COL. W. P. FOGG. WITH INTRODUCTION
BY BAYARD TAYLOR.
The brightest, best and most fascinating book of travel ever published. The quickest selling, best paying work ever offered to Agents. There's money in it for Everybody. Agents are doing splendidly. Circulars and full information free to all. Outfit Free. Apply at once to DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn.

CHROMOS. HEADQUARTERS FOR Foreign and American Chromos. Dealers, Agents, Trunk and Box-makers, Newspaper Publishers and Tea Stores, will find a complete supply. Our new and brilliant specialties are unequaled. Our 9 x 11 Mounted Chromos outsell anything in the market. Twelve samples for $1 00; one hundred for $6 00. Illustrated Catalogue free. J. LATHAM & CO., 419 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. P. O Box 2154.

WANTED Agents for the best-selling Prize Packages in the world. It contains 15 sheets of paper, 15 envelopes, golden pen, pen holder, pencil, patent yard measure, and a piece of jewelry.
Single package, with elegant Prize, post-paid. Twenty-five Cents.
Circular free.
BRIDE & CO., 709 Broadway, N. Y.

EXTRAORDINARY.
Before investing in anything whatever, lottery, stocks, lands, etc., etc., send for one of our circulars, which will give full information FREE. Address,
TAYLOR & CO.,
BANKERS,
11 Wall st., N. Y.

CHROMO CARDS
50 Address or visiting cards for 25c. Samples of 20 styles for stamp. Agents wanted. Outfit 20c. ULLMAN & CO., 13 Winter street, Boston, Mass.

$100 a week, selling the 7 wonders. Most complete in vention of the age. Wanted in every family. Sample, post-paid, 25 cents. Address Conklin & Co., 132 Fifth Av., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the fastest selling Bible ever published. Send for specimen pages and our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

$30 to $60 A week made by our Agents everywhere. We have all the new and standard Novelties, Chromos, etc. Valuable samples sent free with circulars. Oriental Novelty Co., 111 Chambers St., N. Y.

$250 A MONTH—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

1876 AGENTS WANTED. A new article for Ladies. Sells at sight. A good thing. Address, Philada. Novelty Mnfg. Co., 604 Franklin St., Phila.

AGENTS WANTED. Salary or Commission. Address, Cowan & Co., Eighth St., New York.

$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs nothing to try it. Particulars free. P.O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

THE HAT HOUSE.
G. L. MACKLEY & CO.
Earliest Arrival of Spring Goods
Now Ready
—AT—
117
Wood St., Pittsburgh.

SEEDS FOR 1875!
JOHN R. & A. MURDOCH,
112 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Will mail to all applicants their
New Catalogues of
VEGETABLE SEEDS,
FLOWER SEEDS,
ROSES AND BEDDING PLANTS,
FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES,
For SPRING BULBS, &c., &c.

HOW TO SPECULATE IN LAND, AND WHERE TO BUY.
Investments from $70 to $300, will place you adjoining the gigantic enterprise upon which Mr. A. T. Stewart is spending millions of dollars to found his famous Garden City. Send for particulars; enclose stamp for postage. Address BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Music Publisher, store 355 3d av., corner 26th st., New York.
Ten dwellings to be distributed among purchasers of lots on Oct. 30, 1875. Don't fail to examine. See large advertisement in New York Weekly.

The American Patron
FARM & GRANGE.
Is the best and cheapest paper for
$2,000 IN PREMIUMS
To be given canvassers on the 17th day of October, 1875, for the largest clubs. $1 25 per year—less in clubs. Specimen copies free on application. Address J. K. BARND, Publisher, Findlay, Ohio.

One of the above (10 inch) for sale cheap. Perfectly new. Retail price, $24. Address "Lawn Mower," care of this paper.

Judge for Yourself.
BY SENDING 25 CENTS, WITH AGE, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, P. O. Drawer, 100, Fultonville, N. Y.

THE MAGNIFICENT NEW LAWN Game
QUOITET.
From $8.00 to $12.00 per set.
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia.

PATENTS PROCURED,
Also bought and sold. Circulars free. Address: O. D. Lewis, Solicitor, 122 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed as "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

The fancy for short capes of all shapes, from the Dolman mantle with its wide hanging sleeves, to the Cardinal cape, simply rounded, seems to be on the increase—and one seldom sees now a fashionable toilette for the promenade, without the addition of one of these styles—sometimes the cape is made of the same material as the dress, but more generally speaking, it is of lace or muslin

A popular style is to have the foundation of Brussels or Spanish net, covered with alternate fringes of lace and jet fringe. By those whose purses are plethoric enough to stand the expense, thread lace is given the preference; but for the majority of wearers French lace has to answer the need. Sometimes fine beaded yak lace is used; this, however, is heavy. A bow of black faille ribbon, with long loops is placed at the back and in front. This is the most generally adopted style, but there are many others far more elaborate in form and trimming.

One we saw of fine old thread, was made in this wise: The shape was short and round, not reaching below the waist. The thread lace was put on in slightly gathered frills, and as it was in one long piece could readily be turned under at each side, thus avoiding the necessity of cutting it.

A row of fine cut jet passamenterie headed every frill of lace, and a bow with loops of gros grain ribbon was placed in the middle of the cape behind. Three similar ones with shorter loops closed the front.

This cape was handsomely worn with a suit of dark blue silk, trimmed with a lighter shade of silk and lace to match that upon the cape.

A charming French costume was made as follows: Underskirt of gray faille or taffeta, trimmed with two pleated flounces of the same, the upper one headed with a bias fold of striped blue foulard. Above this latter is a standing ruffle of the silk. A shirred piece of the silk with a narrow ruffle on each side is placed down the entire front of the dress, over the overskirt, and ruffles. This band is about seven or eight inches in width.

The overskirt is of the blue foulard, made rounded and apron shaped, moderately deep, and trimmed with a shirred ruffle of the silk.

The basque is a simple cuirass, pointed back and front, and is of the foulard, trimmed with bias folds of the silk, sloped to define the shape of the basque, and laid on longitudinally. The sleeves are laid in upturned folds, and finished with a square cuff at the bottom, which is headed by a bias fold of silk and edged with a ruffle of the latter, which falls over the hand. A bias fold of silk is placed on the outer seam of the arm.

A charming dress of ecru batiste was made in this wise: Underskirt trimmed with two deep kilt plaitings of the same, piped and corded on the upper edge with scarlet velvet. Above a plain bias fold, about eight inches wide, piped also with scarlet velvet, was placed.

The deep apron overskirt was trimmed with a knife pleating, headed by a bias fold of the material, piped with velvet—long sash back, gracefully draped and bouffant—trimmed down the sides and at the bottom with a bias fold, piped with velvet, and also at the bottom with a knife pleating of the material.

French basque with a Louis Quatorze vest. A bias fold and knife pleating all around the basque, which only closes over the vest at the bust. The coat sleeve has a pointed bias fold piped with velvet and placed across the wrist in the form of a cuff, held in place by a scarlet velvet button, and trimmed around with a knife pleating. Another knife pleating falls over the hand. Buttons of scarlet velvet close the vest.

Hat of yellow straw, with a high crown, and upturned rim, bound with scarlet velvet, and trimmed with loops of ecru serge silk, mingled with the velvet. A shaded wing at the left side completes it.

A pretty bathing suit for a young girl was made of grey Turkish toweling blouse-fashion, with skirt reaching to the knee, and full trousers, which fell loose above the ankle. A kind of dark navy-blue flannel was stitched on the bottom of the blouse skirt, and also of the loose trousers; a narrower band placed above the lower one. Six large anchors wrought in navy-blue silk twist were arranged on each side of the front of the blouse, which was buttoned with smoked pearl buttons. Similar anchors adorned the wide sailor collar and the front of the loose trousers. The sleeves were loose and full, reaching only to the elbow. Sandals of canvas were fastened on by blue ribbons, which were crossed and re-crossed about the instep and ankle. A hat of soft braid straw, edged with blue ribbon, and trimmed with a wide scarf of the same, with long ends, and having a rim which was so bent as to thoroughly shade the face, completed just the prettiest bathing costume we have ever seen. A cloak to wear after coming out of the water, was of rough knotted woolen cloth, edged with fringe, and of the Arab shape.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Hem-stitched lingerie will be fashionable next season—cuffs, collars, etc., being ornamented in this way.

Short cardinal capes of plain Brussels net, trimmed with rows of French lace; headed by narrow black velvet, are much worn.

The tinted shell jewelry before alluded to, is becoming very popular, and is shown on both plain and carved setts.

Coat sleeves are preferred above the more fanciful styles, for the new suits. They are made shorter than usual, and finished with a pleated ruffle.

One of the Parisian novelties is a fan called "l'eventail ombrelle," in blue or pink satin, and sometimes black. It is in the form of a small umbrella and opens out round.

Centennial capes for evening and dinner wear are made of sheer Swiss and French muslin, laid in folds, and edged with lace of an antique pattern.

Necklaces of strung coral with a pendant of carved coral are fashionably worn with ecru suits.

Bows are worn in the hair, on one side, to match the color of the necktie.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY J.—Your sample of hair sent is dark brown. We can match it very well, and the cost of such a switch as you desire will be twenty-five dollars. Wear a low Grecian knot braided, and crepe the front.

MRS. M. R. G.—Yours of the 27th received. The articles can very well be sent by mail, though a longer time will elapse than if sent by express.

KITTIE L.—We advise you by all means to procure the grenadine. You can wear it until late in the season. Make it over a black silk, and trim with shirrings of the same, they are more easily made than knife pleatings. Get a black English straw hat, Derby shape, for traveling, and trim with a long scarf of silk grenadine, which you may twine around your neck once and fasten the end into the front of your jacket or else confine with a fanciful pin. Make your striped cambric with one deep ruffle and an apron overskirt, with sash ends; have a half-tight-fitting basque belted in at the waist with a belt of the material.

NISON.

J.P. LAGER BEER
HANS BEERZELLER IS REMINDED THAT HE NEEDS MUCH FOR HIS Christmas DRINK.
ON, ON TO THE RIVER.
Foiled TO STOP.
HANS "dead heads" HIMSELF.
HE FEELS FOR A "POSISH"
FOR "divers REASONS" HE GOES FOR IT.
FOR "sundry PURPOSES" HE LAYS HIMSELF OUT.
HE Nose HOW IT IS HIMSELF.
"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"
THAT NOSE NOT SUIT YOU? IT SUIT Ms POOTY WELL!
DONNERWATTER! WAT YOU SEE TE MATTER MIT MINE NOSE?
TEN TEUTEL! SO DAT NOSE MAKE YOU ANY TIME OUT?
YOU NO LIKE DAT NOSE IN YOU
DATS PAT KIND VON A MAN YOT I IS.

WHAT HANS BEERZELLER *NOSE* ABOUT FISHING.

FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. SURVEY SERVICE.

Some years ago, being in Charlotte Harbor, Florida, I one day waded into the sea to spear "stingarees," a fish like a flounder, but with a curious rat-like tail.

I had started up a good sized stingaree probably about three feet in width to two in length, with a "beauty of a tail," and soon the hunt became interesting. Twice had I pierced its body with the boat-hook, and the water in the immediate neighborhood became dyed with blood.

The shoals extended out a mile in many directions in Charlotte Harbor, and I, in my excitement, had waded out full half that distance from the shore—at least a mile from my men. The thought of danger never once entered my head, though the harbor was full of sharks, many of them twelve to fifteen feet in length. My feet and legs were bare, my trousers being rolled up as high as possible. But I had gone out some distance from that depth, the water being up to my waist, and not dreaming of peril, was bent upon the capture of the fish I was pursuing.

Suddenly, but why I could never comprehend, I turned my eyes from the stingaree, and looked out into the harbor. I never saw that stingaree again, for my heart almost ceased to beat, as I beheld a monstrous shark, that no doubt had scented the blood of the wounded fish, coming in a direct line for the place where I was standing. A feeling of horror pervaded me at once. Powerless, death stricken it seemed, I gave one yell—"Shark!"—and giving one desperate, agonizing look towards my men a mile away, I turned my eyes, almost starting from their sockets, upon the monster from which I expected the most horrible death.

The agony and mental torture of that fearful moment can never be described or forgotten; it makes me shudder now to recall it. As the shark approached me he lessened his speed, evidently reconnoitring the position. His graceful evolutions, the perfect ease with which he glided through the water, the under jaw dropped just far enough to disclose the glittering rows of teeth, sharp as razors; the careless, lazy movement of that powerful tail; and above all, the cold, horrible glare of those small, yellow eyes, fascinated me with a deadly terror. In those short seconds I lived years of horror. To see that ravenous demon so leisurely confident of his power, and I almost powerless, waist deep in water, and no weapon of defence but a common boat-hook! I seemed to shrink into nothingness when compared to my enemy.

He gave me but a few seconds to think or prepare for death, for quick as a cat he faced directly for me, and seemed almost to spring clear from the water as he dived for my legs. I could scarcely hold the boat-hook in my trembling grasp, but as the body came within reach I struck at it with the energy and despair with which a drowning person would catch at a straw. In a breath I committed my soul to Providence, and for the next few seconds became nearly unconscious. Whether the monster felt the point of my spear or not, of course I cannot tell. I presume, however, that he did, for he missed me, his ponderous jaws coming together with a rush and snap. Passing full around me, he dashed out into the harbor again, but not far, when he turned and began the same manœuvres as before.

My feelings as he sprang for me, and the revulsion consequent upon my unlooked-for respite, seemed to inspire me with new courage, and I felt that the cowardly shark might yet be balked of his prey. I gained an astonishing feeling of coolness and nerve, and determined to present a firm front when he attacked me again, which I knew he would. I began a retreat, stepping cautiously backward, with my eyes fixed on the shark. Stealing a look towards the boat, I saw with joy that the men had got it off the beach, and were manning the oars. That look nearly proved my last, for I had hardly turned towards the shark before he was upon me. I cannot describe minutely what occurred, for I was taken completely by surprise, and lost my wits as well as nerve. I saw the dull glare of those terrible eyes, the almost white, shining surface of the belly as it was partially turned upwards, and the waters dashed in my face. A deadly cold feeling went over me like an electric shock, as I felt the slimy body brush my bare legs; something struck me on the chest, and for an instant I believe I became unconscious. The shark seemed to twist his body completely around me, the boat-hook dropped from my hand, and I fell over the monster's back, my feet and legs being thrown entirely out of the water, as my head and body were wholly submerged.

My escape from death was wonderful. The shark failed for the second time in catching me between his massive jaws. The water restored me a little. I scrambled to my feet, and, almost wild with terror, looked for the shark, and none can imagine the joy I felt as I saw him swimming at full speed towards the entrance of the harbor. I turned my face to the shore, and staggered along till within a few yards of the beach, when I was wholly overcome, and swooned from the effects of the dreadful ordeal I had undergone. Falling in water only four feet deep, after such a remarkable escape from a horrible death, I came within a hair's breath of drowning. The boat's crew arrived not a moment too soon, as it was over an hour before I was resuscitated, and then only after the most unwearied exertions.

LANDSCAPES UNDER THE SEA.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, told singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep water of the ocean. He thus sketches what he saw at the Silver Bank, near Hayti: "The banks of coral, on which my divings were made, are about forty miles in length. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged, with but little obstruction to the sight. The bottom of the ocean in many places is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty support a myriad of pyramidical pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places, the pendants form arch after arch, and, as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through the deep winding avenues, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which had long been buried beneath old ocean's wave. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins. There are countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants, in every crevice of the corals, where all are of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants that I am familiar with, that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea-fan of immense size, of variegated colors, and the most brilliant hue."

Watering Place Items.

WATKINS GLEN attracts the romantic and sentimental as usual.

RYE BEACH has been having a most successful season. One of the gayest on record.

THE honeymoon season being over, there are very few bridal parties now at Niagara Falls.

BEVERLEY FARMS is said to be "the most awfully proper" summer resort on the North Shore.

As idleness is the reputed root of all evil, so croquet is the foundation for all fights at the seaside resorts.

THE most popular airs at Saratoga are "The Skidmore Guards" and "Little Sweetheart, Come and Kiss Me."

THE greatest amount of fashion and style at Long Branch is to be found at the West End Hotel about 8 P. M.

THE season at Manchester, Vt., is beautiful and busy. This foremost of Vermont summer resorts is very largely patronized.

THE thermometer has not yet this summer indicated more than eighty degrees at the White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

GREENWOOD LAKE is a summer resort which only requires to be better known to become very popular. The hotel accommodations are very good.

BATHING is more generally indulged in at Atlantic City than at almost any other seaside resort. Everybody there "goes in," and there is a most amusing variety of bathing costumes to be seen.

THE first day that people are at Saratoga, it is a jolly thing for them to go from one spring to another, drinking largely from each, and comparing their various waters. The second day they don't do it.

VANDERBILT, Astor and Stewart met at Saratoga one day last month, and ate dinner together just like any other men, and afterwards played a game at whist just to see if their left hands had lost their cunning.

SARATOGA is by no means crowded now, although there are a great many people at the different hotels. It is expected, however, that the August races will attract as large a throng as did the college boat races.

THE breakwater at Stonington, Vermont, is the favorite evening rendezvous for all the lovesick folks of the place. Their incoherent ravings can be heard above the swash of the water breaking on the stones beneath.

Two fellows who went to count the Thousand Islands have just returned with a report that there are but four hundred and odd—as if that fact could detract in the least from the beauty and attractiveness of that picturesque resort.

Two charming and amiable young ladies at Long Branch who, a week ago, were the best and dearest of friends, going about arm in arm all the day long, do not speak to each other now. Why? Because in an evil hour they played croquet and took opposite sides.

THE band plays very finely at West Point these lovely summer evenings, the cadets march as one man across the parade ground, and the town fashionables congregate in large numbers on the green sward and on the hotel piazzas, all perceptibly impressed by the novelty and the spirit of the beautiful scene.

THERE was a large number of arrivals last week at the Catskill Mountain House. This grand resort appears to be better appreciated every year, and the Mountain House—one of the largest of summer resort hotels—is oftentimes too small to accommodate all who flock there. We hear that Mr. Beach proposes to enlarge the establishment for Centennial year.

ROCKAWAY is as popular as ever, and the excursion boats that go down there are very crowded, oftentimes too much so for either comfort or safety. There is no discount on Rockaway beach. It is one of the finest in the United States, and for bathing is unsurpassed. Of the hotels there the old and favorite Mansion House and the Knickerbocker are undoubtedly the best, if public opinion is worth anything.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to WALKER, REED & CO., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 726 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

SUBSCRIBERS' BUREAU.

TERMS for 1875, POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCES.—All remittances should be made by Draft, Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. Money forwarded in this way is at our risk. In sending money, the amount, and what it is for, should be distinctly stated.

POSTAGE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES, HITHERTO PAID BY SUBSCRIBERS, WILL BE PAID BY US WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

*** In ordering, the name, with Post-office address, County and State, should be plainly written. When a change of direction is desired, the *former* as well as the *present* address must be given.

If any subscriber fails to receive the POST within ten days after sending his subscription, we will take it as a particular favor if he will advise us promptly of the fact, stating the day he sent the money, and in what form, whether cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Doubting. The Child's Dream. The Battle of Antietam. A Ghost Story. The Wind. A Severe Revenge. The Sanctuary. The Tables Turned. Lost and Found.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

AGATE.—We thank you for the short article you sent us, but we are sorry to say it does not quite suit. The subject is too *grave* a one for our columns.

BOB.—You can tattoo yourself by pricking your arm with a needle, the point of which has been dipped in India ink. It is a very good idea, for every one who sees your arm will know at a glance that you are a simpleton.

W. W. (Philadelphia).—You must read, study, and meditate on what you read and study, until you have ideas and opinions of your own on subjects of general interest, and then you will be able to take part in the conversation at social gatherings and private circles. No man can talk unless he has some ideas and opinions.

INQUISITIVE.—We treat every communication as strictly confidential, and it is utterly useless for any one to attempt to ascertain what another person has written to us, or who is it that asks any particular question. You will not, therefore, be surprised at not being informed who asked the question about which you enquire.

CRITICAL.—"How is the word 'Trafalgar' pronounced?" There is considerable difference of opinion. One authority puts the accent on the second syllable; but Byron pronounces it differently in "Childe Harold," in the line—"The Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar." Here the accent must be either on the first or the last syllable, or, which sounds better, on both.

GYMNAST.—A course of gymnastic exercises is a very excellent thing, but you must proceed gradually, and not attempt too much at first, or you will weaken instead of strengthening yourself. 2. Fencing is a capital exercise, because it calls into activity the whole muscular system, and the mind as well. We don't know of any other exercise that does this so thoroughly.

A. MARTIN (Baltimore).—We cannot tell you "whether it is true or not that the planets are inhabited?" This is one of those subjects on which it is impossible to arrive at any positive information, so that every one is privileged to believe just what he pleases. There is, probably, a great difference of opinion among astronomers themselves on this point. Certainly, none of these inhabitants have ever been seen, unless we except the "Man in the Moon," and he has not thrown any light on this much vexed question.

M. GRAY.—"Has a university which confers the degree of 'Master of Arts' to possess certain qualifications before it can do so, and, if so, what are they? What university in the United States was the first to confer this degree, and on whom?" In England, only the universities can confer degrees, the college being merely an adjunct to the university. In this country there is no fixed distinction between colleges and universities, and all give degrees. The only qualification required is, that it shall be a regularly chartered and endowed institution. We believe Harvard College was the first to confer the degree of Master of Arts, but on whom it was conferred we are unable to inform you.

E. A. K. (Kansas).—"Please give us a good receipt for preserving butter?" The following is the method practiced by the farmers in Aberdeen, Scotland, and their butter is well known to be superior to most other kinds: Take two quarts of the best common salt, one ounce of sugar, and one ounce of saltpetre; take one ounce of this composition for every pound of butter; work it well into the mass, and close it up for use. It must stand for three weeks or a month before it it is used. The butter cured in this manner appears of a rich marrowy consistence and fine color, and never acquires a brittle hardness, nor tastes salty. This butter has been known to be kept three years, and it was as sweet then as at the first.

M. C. (Liberty).—We should be happy to oblige you, but you really ask us something entirely beyond our power, when you want us to give you "the late architectural rule to build a church (in the country, of plank) capable of seating two to three hundred persons; the best mode for convenience and health, both for the congregation and speaker, so as to be audible."

NORAH.—Take some little time to consider, and in the meanwhile come to a sound understanding with your conscience. If you do not, never could, love the young man, do not marry him. Marriage without love is a mere cold, worldly contract, and cannot possibly bring happiness to either party. But you may be mistaken. The offer may have come upon you by surprise, and in your solicitude to be just you may entertain a groundless apprehension, the more especially as you love no one else. However, it is a case for severe self-examination.

G. W. S.—It is curious what a delusion possesses so many people, that they can do better somewhere else than at home. As a general rule, if you have lived an honest and virtuous life, you can always do better at home than anywhere else. At home you have friends, you are known, and have established a character—all most essential aids to success—and which you will miss in a new place. It has taken years, too, to acquire them. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, as well as to all other rules, but we do not think yours is one. You have a little capital to begin with, you say, in some trade, and if you will take our advice, you will give up all idea of going west, and just settle down content where you are.

T. J. B. (Wilmington).—The laws of the different States are different, and, therefore, we can only say how it is in Pennsylvania. If a man dies intestate, which means without a will, his widow receives one-third of the value of his personal property—bank stock, ready money, etc., etc.,—and one-third of the rental or income of his real estate during her life. Thus it depends greatly upon how the property is invested, as to the amount the widow obtains absolutely, and the amount in which she has simply a life interest. The other two-thirds of the personal property go to the children in equal portions, and the whole of the real estate, with the deduction of the life interest of the widow, also goes in equal portions to the children. A man can make a will dividing his property as he chooses, within certain reasonable limits, but, so far as his widow is concerned, she may, if she think proper, put aside the will, and resolve to take the portion which the law gives her.

CROQUET (Pine Bluff).—We have read your long letter through, and cannot see in what possible grounds there can be any dispute for the championship in which you took part such as you mention. You state that the match was not finished, when it became too dark for the umpire to distinguish any of the balls, and that "the two captains agreed that the umpire should decide who was the winner of the game; whereupon the umpire declared that the challenging party were the winners, and, therefore, the champions of the county. The captain of the other party, however, will not agree to this, and won't acknowledge his side defeated. Please decide this matter for us?" What was the use of having an umpire, if his decisions are not final? The question as to the winner having been left to him by the two contending captains to decide, both parties are bound in honor to abide by his decision, and for the defeated party to refuse to do so because it was adverse to his side, is childish in the extreme.

PHILOSOPHER.—Dr. Franklin had only one son, William Franklin. He was appointed Governor of New Jersey, embraced the Tory cause in the Revolution, was deposed from office and held as a prisoner by the Whigs, but was afterwards exchanged, and went to England, where he received a pension from the Government, and died in 1813, at the age of 82. The Tory course of the son naturally led to an estrangement between him and his father. For years they had no intercourse, when, in 1784, the son wrote to the father. In his reply, Dr. Franklin says: "Nothing has ever hurt me so much, and affected me with such deep sensations, as to find myself deserted, in my old age, by my only son; and not only deserted, but to find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good fame, fortune and life were all at stake." In his will, also, he alludes to the part his son had acted. After making some bequests, he adds: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate he endeavored to deprive me of."

E. J. asks, "Is Friday an unlucky day?" and gives her experience that it is; but should not deduce general laws from a few apparent instances. All that her experience would prove, at the most, is that Friday is an unlucky day for her. To others, however, including, we may say, ourselves, Friday has always proved a particularly lucky day. If we may reasonably call any day more lucky than another. And then, as to the fortunes of mankind in general, some of the most important and beneficent events that ever occurred have happened on Friday. A list of these was given some months ago in this column of the POST, beginning, if we remember rightly, with the discovery of America. The superstition relative to Friday probably took its rise from the fact that the Saviour is generally supposed to have been crucified on that day, and it was not unnatural that the more superstitious of the early Christians, on that account, should be disposed to view the day as thereafter accursed. But more enlightened and spiritual minds should rise above such prejudices, and call nothing that God has made "common or unclean," much less accursed. So long as the sun shines as brightly on a Friday as on any other day, we may esteem that day just as lucky as any other.

SORROWFUL.—We are tempted to give this letter in full. "A young gentleman has been coming to see me since last summer, sometimes once a week, sometimes twice. He always acted as if he liked me, but then he was too affectionate, always wanting to hug and kiss me. Now I know that is not right, and I would like to know how I can prevent it. About a month ago we had a little misunderstanding, and have not spoken to each other since. I should like to make up, for I think a great deal of him, and it makes me miserable while we do not speak, but he was in the wrong, and, of course, it is not my place. You would oblige me very much if you would answer these questions, and also tell me how to make him love me more?" We are of opinion, considering all things, that our correspondent had better let the misunderstanding remain, and not to wish it explained away and the previous terms of intimacy re-established, as we do not think the young gentleman ever had any real love or respect for you, or otherwise he would not have treated you in such an extremely affectionate a manner as he used to do. Should he, however, make the first advances, as it is his duty, being in the wrong, you will of course forgive him, so there is no use in our advising you to the contrary, but we do hope you will not allow him to take any such liberties with you in the future. You have only to be firm and determined in your resistance, and, should he persist, to refuse to have anything more to say to him, and he will see that you are not to be trifled with.

SEXTON.—"Please tell me when bells were first used in churches?" The first mention made of bells is in Exodus, where it is specified that there should be set "a golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate" (that is, alternately) "upon the hem of the robe round about it," the use and intent of these bells being to give intimation when the priest "goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out." We thus perceive that in the earliest times bells were used as signals or summoners, and it is not extraordinary that they should have been employed by the early Christian Church to give notice of the proper periods for public prayer. The first application of them to this purpose is ascribed by Polydore and others to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, about the four hundredth year of the Christian era. Church bells were introduced into Britain very soon afterwards; and by the end of the ninth century scarcely a church or monastery was without several of these "lively harbingers of religious duties." Duran, who flourished about the end of the twelfth century, tells us, in his "Rationale," when any one is dying, bells must be tolled, that the people may put up their prayers; twice for a woman, and thrice for a man; if for a clergyman, as many times as he had orders; and, at the conclusion, a peal on all the bells, to distinguish the quality of the person for whom the people are to put up their prayers.

MISCELLANEOUS.—MINOR.—In the States of Vermont and Ohio females are legally of age at eighteen; in all other States at twenty-one. M. M.—The business you refer to is, we fear, being overstocked, and if you learn it you will very probably have great difficulty in getting a situation. E. D. F.—The work used in the United States army is "Upton's Infantry Tactics." ENNA.—We are sorry we cannot tell you where you could find such employment as you desire. J. J.—Were we in your place we would remain where we were, preferring a certainty for an uncertainty. J. B. F.—The word Cheyenne is pronounced "She-en." ALIEN.—If you vote without having been duly naturalized, you are liable to arrest and imprisonment, no matter how long you have been in the country. ELSIE. In such a case as yours, we must decline advising. It is a matter in which you must be guided by your parents and your own feelings. F. R. O.—You should go through a regular course of medical treatment for your cutaneous eruption. E. W.—There are no means of permanently removing superfluous hairs, much less the hair that grows too low on the forehead. It will always grow again, whether removed by tweezers or depilatories.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*